THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA

Vol. 77 — PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT 425 ARCH STREET — Philadelphia, Saturday, October 9, 1897 — FIVE CENTS A COPY $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE — No. 15

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Copyright, 1897, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

AS THE DAYS GO BY.

BY S. C.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you.
A hope for me and a hope for you.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight.
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight.
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive, forgive them;
Only the new days are our own;
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

IN THE SHADOW.

BY M. R.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

"OH, madame, it was a night of sorrow and a dawn of hopelessness.

"Whatever Lili had done, I felt the hand of God was so heavy on her that it was not for me to judge her, though when I looked at the fur cloak and the jewels I knew something was amiss.

"I made coffee, but she could not drink it, and though her hands and head were as fire, she shivered as in an ague, and it was clear that fever burnt in her veins. At last, I know not how long first, she ceased to rock and sing; slowly, very slowly, she laid that piteous burden on her knee, and unwrapping a little shawl from about it, sat and gazed. Oh, but that was a moment never to be forgotten; a sight to make a strong man weep.

"There was silence, and then a long, long, wailing cry, and she fell forward senseless.

"I took it from her and laid it in the cradle it had so often gone to from my arms.

"And then I got Lili undressed, and saw on her shoulder a mark as of teeth of some beast, which had bruised and broken the skin. And as I lifted her into her bed, suddenly in my ear fell the deep solemn sound of a great bell tolling slowly; I had heard it once only before; it was the death knell of the family at the castle, and never was rung for any other reason than their passing away.

"Lili roused by it, but only to delirium; she raved incessantly though not violently, and from her talk I learnt little.

"Oh, madame, my relief when I at length heard footsteps and Pierre entered with a young brother of my husband's. He hardly glanced at Lili when I bade him come to her, only saying to himself:

"'She is dying, so is it best perhaps; so is it best.'

"And he had adored her!

"I had coffee hot, but Pierre drank raw brandy, and presently would have left the house in silence, but I could bear no more, and insisted that he fetch a doctor at once; he assented sullenly, and Jean, my husband's brother, stayed on, and from him I learnt all."

Widow Margot paused to dry her eyes and Lena's own were tear-dimmed as she thought of the tragic scenes these simple folks had gone through. Margot continued her tale, saying:

"Jean told me that in the terrible black storm a steamer ran into the yacht, and Pierre with great difficulty brought her back to the harbor, for she was badly damaged. When, however, he got her in and could leave her in perfect safety, he and some others started to tell the Count, thinking it safer to go in a body, as the howling of wolves had been heard.

"They came first to Pierre's house, where he had promised them a supper and some good red wine, and found it as I did; but in the snow on the path leading towards the high road were footmarks as of a woman and a man, who wore not the heavy boots of a countryman, though here and there the tracks of wolves, which I thought great dogs, had hidden them.

"Pierre had brought torches from the yacht, by whose light they saw these things; whether he suspected the truth none knew, but he pressed on, and at the main road found the marks of a sleigh, which had waited long, for the horses had pawed the snow and snatched at the branches.

"The other men fancied pursuit useless; they, too, began to suspect, but with bitter oaths Pierre ordered them to go on; and suddenly, where the road wound in a wide curve, they heard a horrible sound of snarling animals and a woman's cries for help.

"Right through the ivy-wood the sailors dashed, following the sound, and came to a terrible scene.

"The moon had just shone out, and they saw clearly Lili against a tree, and standing before her Count Raymond, defending her against half-a-score of the great lean starving monsters; fur rugs and other things were scattered on the snow, and far away on the brow of the next hill, Jean caught a glimpse of the maddened horses flying with the sleigh and the rest of the pack in full pursuit.

"Just as they arrived Count Raymond, who was bleeding from half-a-dozen wounds, ran one wolf through the heart, but another sprang at his throat and a third seized Lili; but they are cowardly at heart, and the sailors dashed at them furiously with their torches and thick sticks and beat off the unwounded ones, dashing out the brains of the others, and Pierre killed two with his knife. Without one word to Lili he knelt by Count Raymond, who had sunk down, and all the snow was red around him; but in Pierre's eyes gleamed such murderous hatred that Jean and another man drew near fearing he would use his knife once more. Count Raymond was helpless, but quite fearless; all he said was:

"'Pierre, I would have done you the cruellest wrong one man can do another, but God willed otherwise. The sleigh was upset by a fallen tree buried in snow, and the wolves were upon us at once.'

"Jean and the others strove to staunch the blood and give him brandy, but he said:

"'Leave me, my friends; it is useless.'

"Then with a last effort he called Lili, and she came and knelt by him, and taking her hand he said firmly:

"'Pierre and all you others, listen. I swear that Lili is as pure as my own mother and sisters. I have respected her husband's roof though I would have robbed him of her.'

"He had raised himself in his eagerness, and falling back murmured his mother's name and died. And as he died, from afar rose the horrible cry of the dying horses which I had heard; the wolves had pulled them down.

"There was a woodcutter's house about half-a-mile or more away, and gathering broken boughs the men twisted hastily a rough bier and laid the count on it, covering him with a rug, they bore him to the hut. Lili was as one struck dumb, but walked steadily and fast by the dead body, for they dared not separate lest the pack should return after devouring the horses.

"Then they brought her home, and in the gray light she saw what they had missed, not far from the house; the little blue shoe of a baby showing from under the bushes, and with a heart-wrung cry she flung herself down and found all that remained of her boy.

"We only suppose she shut the door as she believed safely, but the wolves, hearing the child or the little dog, burst it open, the latch being old and worn; otherwise the little one, as she well knew, was quite safe till my return and would not have wakened."

Lena was crying openly by this time, and the widow Margot's tears fell fast.

"There is little more to tell, madame. It was, indeed, a day of mourning. At sunset the death-knell tolled once more, and we heard that the beautiful Julie, who loved her brother passionately, had passed away, giving premature birth to a child, which breathed but a few minutes and died too.

"Ah, since then the castle once so gay is as a tomb; the poor lady lives but to pray for her son's soul. She gives alms far and wide that all may join their prayers to hers, and never sees the poor as once she did, when all in distress might go to her with their griefs.

"Pierre—well, madame, time dulls the keenest pain; he has grown to believe Lili was, as the count swore, still innocent, and he loves her still and is content in a fashion; at least, he complains not, and Lili—she is the only one, I think, who suffers not: behold her, madame, gay as a lark. She was long ill, but now——"

Lena looked out and saw the girl whose fatal beauty had brought such misery and sorrow, dancing gaily with some children singing the childish songs of the locality.

Setting to her little partner with dainty mincing steps, when he made her a rustic salute courtesying to the very ground and then with flying skirts dancing round once more in a ring with the romping happy little ones. Truly, her good angel had been near to petition that her senses should be thus clouded on that night of weeping.

Pierre became a hero in the estimation of Jack and Lena after this; his unconscious yet nobly chivalrous forgiveness of the girl-wife who had been so false to him touched the artist and his wife.

Lili took all Pierre gave, and he was content if trinket or dainty brought the laughter to her lips and won him a careless caress.

She occasionally remembered the lost jewels, which, as the Ainslies guessed, were given in simple faith to win intercession in heaven for the sin they had been used to bribe the foolish child to consent to.

Pierre could not bear to fancy her fretting even for those ornaments, and often brought her some trifle, a string of Venetian beads or coral ornaments, such as sailors bring from Mediterranean ports.

She was much delighted with a bunch of coral toys, a tiny Punchinello, a hand and other little charms, but one day came home crying because in her wanderings they were lost.

Pierre petted her tenderly and tried vainly to console her; but at last, smiles breaking through her tears, she demanded the permission to wear "the watch, my grandmother's watch, to show madame."

Lena expressed, of course, great interest and expected a common silver article of the turnip order, but to her surprise Lili danced up to her next day and proudly exhibited an old gold watch which had evidently been costly in its time.

With some curiosity Lena examined it. "Does it keep good time?" she asked.

Lili looked wise and said, "No, madame, no: it went to sleep when the grandmother died, and it has never awakened."

Jack, who had the watch in his hand, opened it and said carelessly, "An English watch; I wonder how the worthy old grandmother came by it."

He touched another spring and suddenly looked at it with much greater attention, and closing it, returned it to Lili, saying, as with sudden thought:

"Lili, the light will be just right in half-an-hour. Shall I finish your picture?"

Lili was delighted, and ran off to get ready, and Jack asked his wife with studied indifference if in all her gossip she had found out why Lili seemed to have no relatives of her own, and who her mother was.

"Oh, yes, the mother was maid at the castle, and a valet fell in love with her and married her; they went away and took some sort of shop. A fever broke out and he died. And the mother returned to the castle, but [illegible] well again. [illegible] far-away place, I believe."

"And granny, who owned the watch, who was she?"

"Oh, really, even my love of gossip did not pursue the genealogy so far back,' said Lena merrily. "You must ask Margot, if your curiosity exceeds mine, that is."

Jack turned the conversation, but before the day was many hours older, question ed Margot.

"The grandmother of Lili? Ah, monsieur, did I not tell you? We know not. Ah, it is a strange story."

Margot was polishing one of her most imposing brass pans, which already rivalled burnished gold, and pausing to hang it up, invited monsieur to sit down, while she shelled peas, and hear the tale.

Jack swung himself on to the broad window ledge, his eyes fixed on the comely black-eyed, buxom house-wife, who suited so well with her homely surroundings, the red-tiled floor, clean white tables, bright pans and well-washed china; but he hardly for once noted all these things, but thought only of what he was to hear.

"After all, monsieur," said Madame Margot, as the green peas fell quickly in her basin, "I only know what my mother told me, that there were storms, the like of which come not often, thanks to the blessed saints, and there were wrecks, ah, wrecks without number; and my father and others went out when the wind dropped a little to get anything they could. They were poor, see you, and wreckage belongs to all, does not monsieur agree?"

"Oh, perfectly, perfectly!" said Jack with a mental reservation—that he supposed they were a set of wreckers and smugglers.

Margot, however, continued, unconscious of his opinion, and explained that one morning clearly a very large vessel had been lost, for they found much broken timber and other things floating about; and at last, on some rocks well-known as most dangerous, they saw dead bodies of men and women and one had a little child bound to her by a shawl, and, miracle of miracles! it breathed; and the fishermen took it and did all they could to restore it, and my father brought it home with all that was likely to be of value on the mother, and the good monks came from the monastery near and buried all the poor creatures.

"And the child. Did your mother bring it up?" asked Jack.

"No, monsieur. Not long after my eldest brother was born, and my mother was dangerously ill, so my father took the little stranger to the nuns at the convent, and they are always willing to receive such poor little ones. My mother was vexed, but still she was long ill, and the child was happy and well cared for and loved the good sisters; so she remained there until the countess took her."

"Where is the convent?" asked Jack. "I have not seen it."

"No, monsieur, it is many miles away at Rocquerie. Monsieur seems interested," continued the widow Margot shrewdly. "Did he see the name in Lili's watch and recognise it?"

"I knew it was an English name, and one feels interested in one's own countrywomen," returned Jack quietly.

"Ah, but certainly, certainly," said Margot. Then her attention wandering, she cried, "Marie! Susanne! Wooden heads that you are, see you not the soup is boiling over and clothes have fallen from the line?"

Mr. Ainslie taking the hint, moved off, leaving the brisk widow to scold her maids, and he went for a walk alone. He was restless, and wished for time to think, for the inscription in the inner case of Lili's watch was, "Kathleen Maitland, given her on her wedding day by her affectionate brother, Redmond Patrick O'More," and the date was also inscribed.

Jack knew that his uncle's ill-fated young wife had been a Miss O'More, of some Irish castle, a lovely girl, of good family, though small means, and that she had a brother Redmond, who in his own childhood had visited his parents and spoilt Jack himself considerably, being a harum-scarum, good-hearted Irishman, though not then so very young, and long since dead.

He felt that he could not rest without a visit to the convent, so invented the excuse of longing for a tramp of some miles, and left his unsuspicious wife happy in her usual cheery, contented fashion with her boy.

The convent was situated on a promontory commanding a grand sea view, [illegible] enough to allow of a [illegible] and flowers of [illegible] and fruit trees growing in the rear, in a walled garden.

The gentle nuns were of an order that spent their lives rather in unending works of love than in austere strictness, and Mr. Ainslie easily gained admission to a simple but comfortable little room, where a benign old abbess received him kindly.

He speedily made his errand known, and the abbess sent for a sister much older than herself, who had special care of the children. She proved herself clear-headed, and, moreover, kept a book, extending over many years, of notes with regard to her charges, if there was anything special to record.

"The little Lucie. Ah, Monsieur, she was the most charming of children. See you, here are the notes made of her. I remember the wreck, and some of us laid out the poor drowned creatures; I was there, Monsieur, helping. Ah! it is long ago. The men were carried over there to the monastery, the women here. Lucie's mother, she had been beautiful and rich, for her clothes were fine, oh, but of a fineness fit for a queen. There were others quite poorly dressed, and two more ladies, and some, ah, one knew not."

"Was nothing done to try and find friends belonging to the child?" asked Jack.

"Yes, monsieur, I believe so; but, monsieur, we are poor and know not the world well, and it was forty years ago, perhaps, and few posts and means of communication," said the abbess gently. "We did what we could."

"I am sure you did," responded Jack warmly. "Did you give the child the name of Lucie?"

"No, monsieur," said the older woman. "It was the name written on her linen. Lucie—ah, I cannot speak your English names, but we kept it written, and she was married in her proper name, I know."

"And brought up in your religion?" questioned Ainslie.

"Certainly, monsieur, certainly," said the abbess decidedly. "Monsieur is not of our faith?"

"Not exactly," said Jack, unwilling to vex these gentle souls, "but, at least, I believe in the same heaven and trust to reach it."

The answer pleased the hearers, who were not bigoted. Jack looked over the notes about little Lucie, which embodied what he had heard.

"You knew nothing of the ship, its name, or destination?" he asked.

"Nothing was ever known. We only fancied it must have been far from its course, for no one ever came to inquire, and all were drowned."

"Was there no jewelry but the watch?" was his next question.

"A wedding ring and guard—Lucie had them—and a ring, some diamonds in it, some missing, sold to provide her an outfit to go to service."

There was no more to learn, Jack partook of coffee and cakes, on which the simple nuns prided themselves, visited their chapel, dropped a gold piece into the poor box, and bade them adieu; turning his steps to the wind swept graveyard, where the dead of many wrecks lay sleeping peacefully, their names for the most part unknown and unrecorded, strangers in a strange land. Even where memorials had been put, the salt-laden air soon effaced the lettering, and only recent ones were legible.

Jack Ainslie walked homewards fast, conscience and self wrestling within his breast. Conscience and honor urged him to pursue his researches, self held him back, reminding him that he was but heir-at-law to his uncle; no will had secured him the money, and if his suspicions were true, Lili was that uncle's grandchild, born in wedlock, and to her belonged by right everything, and he would be left to begin the world again, and Lena and his boy would be beggared.

He was not naturally luxurious or extravagant, but no right-minded man prefers hardship and ever-gnawing anxiety to security and a fair income.

He argued it over and over to himself, pleading against conscience that Lili knew nothing better than her present life, and after all the law did not require a man unasked to give away his all. The other side should demand their rights and give proofs.

Legally this was correct, but Jack was an honorable gentleman, and could not silence his inward monitor thus, and yet on the one side was not only the man's natural desire to [illegible] what he had believed his own, but the welfare of those dearer than himself.

He pictured Lena worn and broken down, mistrusted in his agitation his own talents, thought of his boy's career blighted at its beginning, and against all this what was there to be weighed in the balance?

Only the interests of a rough fisherman's imbecile wife, a creature who had herself no true sense of right or honor; who had been false, if not in deed, in thought and word, to a loving husband; who had deserted her first-born child, leaving it to a cruel and horrible fate.

Jack set his teeth and swore under his breath that the right was on his side, and he would keep silent. And then with true masculine inconsistency, he wrote that very night for the copy of the register of his uncle's marriage, and could not rest till he got it, and the signature of one witness was "Redmond Patrick O'More," and the date coincided with that on Lili's watch.

Moreover, he diplomatically beguiled that unsuspecting being to show him her "treasures," which she kept in a curious chest, and Pierre bade her produce the ring and guard belonging to her grandmother; and in the guard were almost illegibly engraved the names of "Kathleen and Reginald Maitland," and the motto, "Love doth us bind," in the style of the day when they were wedded. One or two pieces of the wearing apparel, neatly marked, though yellow with age, had also been treasured.

Jack had no reasonable ground left for hoping against hope. He looked at Lili and wondered if the beautiful blue eyes, which contrasted so attractively with her black hair, were inherited from her Irish ancestors.

Till now he had liked her as one likes a pretty child, but when he thought of her as likely to dispossess him of his uncle's money, he hated her almost, and believed that it was on account of her past shortcomings, which it was not, for he had mentally excused her to some extent, and felt as Margot said, that her sins, however black, had been swiftly and severely punished.

Jack grew restless and longed to go from Sables de Re, but could not resolve to do so.

Lena had appeared to notice no change, though he was often silent, sometimes irritable, altogether unlike himself, for he hated keeping secrets from her.

At last she volunteered to drive with him to the castle, where only a few touches were needed to complete his copy of the picture, and when they were achieved Lena quietly remarked:

"And now, Jack, I insist on knowing your trouble."

"I have none," he said doggedly. "How you worry one, Lena."

His wife took a step back and looked at him demurely.

"Jack, dear, you do not lie at all well; want of practice, evidently. Don't try and invent a better one, you very silly boy; I shall have the truth sooner or later, so it may as well be at once."

In spite of his irritability, Jack could not help laughing, and then Lena began to coax, and he, growing as wax under her clever handling, let out the secret and then tried to bind her to silence.

Lena, grave, but with no sign of dismay, said she would like to go to the old terraced garden and think for awhile alone.

Presently from the window he saw her with a wreath of roses going in the direction of the chapel; the countess, to whom she had been speaking, stood watching her as she paused and picked some white lilies, which she took also with her.

It seemed long to her husband before she returned; he tried to retouch his picture, but found that he was doing more harm than good. At last Lena came with tearful eyes but smiling mouth.

"Jack," she said earnestly, "I have been to Count Raymond's tomb to take flowers, and—I knelt by it—and then I saw the truth and the right. Jack, dear, we cannot keep this money; it would bring no happiness, and perhaps a curse. Count Raymond possibly thought his fancy for Lili no great crime, but see the result: his own death, her loss of reason, the deaths of his sister and Lili's baby, the lifelong regrets of his mother and Pierre, both made miserable. I dare not think about it, Jack, or plan our future, but I know I am right. Come back at once and let us see Pierre, before we are tempted to dishonor."

Jack caught some of the noble spirit which was animating his wife.

"Lena, Heaven bless you!" he cried. "I am a coward, but you are brave and right."

"Come, then," she said, "lest I lose my pluck. Let us get it over."

On the way Jack began to weaken a little.

"Suppose we gave Lili a good allowance suitable for her station," he said; but Lena shook her head and replied with white lips:

"No, no, let us do our duty, and trust that the future will be made plain and perhaps easy for us."

Jack being a man, had less faith in possible miracles, but was carried away by his wife's influence, and, truth to say, was glad to be made to follow the dictates of honor.

Pierre stood on the beach, and to him the Ainslies went hastily, and Jack clearly and briefly told the story of his discovery.

Pierre remained as if turned to stone, with wide-opened eyes and lips parted with astonishment.

"Do I understand Monsieur rightly, or is it a fable? Lili, my wife, is the cousin of monsieur, and the money belongs not to monsieur, but to Lili?"

"Yes, Pierre, that is so," said Lena quickly.

Pierre had doffed his red cap in courtesy to Lena; he turned it slowly in both hands, and finally said in a matter-of-fact way:

"I thank madame and monsieur; it was good of them to come to me thus. Lili will then be rich and so shall I."

The speech seemed cold and ungracious. Jack fancied he had expected nothing more, but was vexed. Lena had pictured great gratitude and excitement, and perhaps secretly believed that Pierre would not take all; and behold, he was grasping and commonplace as any other peasant.

Before another word could be said, however, Lili came flying towards them screaming:

"Monsieur! Madame! Pierre! Come; come quickly. Baby Charles has fallen over the cliff; he will go to Heaven, like my baby, if you come not. The nurse slept, and I was too late to catch him. He ran after a butterfly and fell. I saw it all."

Lena, in an agony of terror, ran swiftly as Lili herself, the men following, all else forgotten in their anxiety.

Up a steep path Lena followed the active girl, who went from rock to rock light as a bird; on the summit stood the nurse, wringing her hands in helpless distress.

She had dozed in the hot, drowsy afternoon under some trees, "just for a minute," she fancied, and Charlie escaping—for the slumber had lasted longer than she thought—chased a butterfly, overbalanced and rolled down an incline on the face of the cliff, but loose earth and stones slipped, too, checking his speed, and he lodged among projecting rocks and bushes, unhurt so far; but an imsidious movement would precipitate him on to sharp rocks far beneath.

"Ropes, ropes!" exclaimed Jack to the lookers-on, for Lili's cries had attracted several old men and lads. "I will go down to him if a rope can be got. Any reward for a rope! Pierre—Jean—Jacques, will you see the child killed before his mother's eyes?"

There was a hasty exchange of words, and two lads rushed off.

Pierre's face expressed terrible anxiety.

"Monsieur," he said, "the boats are all away, and I fear there is hardly a sound rope left. I have sent to Margot; she is quicker and of greater resource than any other."

White as death, but calm, with a mother's courage, Lena stood by, panting still from her climb up the steep path, but quietly encouraging her boy and begging him to "sit still; quite still," and presently, seeing him grow restless, she bade him listen while she sang his favorite song; and clear and sweet, in spite of the agonizing suspense, her voice rose, and the child sat listening, while tears ran down the men's cheeks at the tender woman's nerve and self-control.

Charlie was but some twelve feet, or less, below them; but to try and descend the crumbling cliff was certain death, and even with a rope, as the older men whispered to Pierre, it was almost inevitable that falling earth and stones would frighten the little one and perhaps stun him, and he would fall.

He was an obedient baby, and sat very still, begging in broken words for another song "till papa could come."

Once more Lena's sweet notes broke the stillness, for the rough fishermen were silently praying. Jack had imperatively ordered the nurse to go where her hysterical sobs would be unheard, and had hidden his face in his hands, unable to look at the peril of his boy.

Lena had chosen a long, babyish ditty, simple, and with a catching lilt in its tone, which none of her hearers ever forgot.

Suddenly an answering voice took it up from below, and with a start everyone leant over.

The cliff jutted out at this spot sharply, receding on both sides, a kind of ledge, narrow and broken, running round it, beneath, the crumbling earth and stones, under which was a sheer descent curving rather inwards, leaving absolutely nothing to cling to.

There was a murmur of apprehension, for round the ledge came Lili, laughing, bright and roguish, as she sang the air of the song, the words being to her impossible. A false step would precipitate her to a fearful death; but she was absolutely fearless.

"How could she get there?" asked Jack, marvelling at her appearance on such an inaccessible spot.

"Who knows," replied her husband, with drops of anguish on his brow, leaning breathlessly forward.

The lookers-on seemed struck dumb, and on she came. Perhaps her clouded brain prevented her realising the danger and rendered her good service; for she was cool and calm, looking down to the rocks with no sign of fear.

"The ropes, monsieur," cried the eager messengers. "Margot bid us say no better could be found; she has sent sheets to knot also, being stronger."

"I will descend at once," cried Jack. "Pierre, knot them securely round me."

"No, no! come not," exclaimed Lili. "Wait but an instant; I am there. Ah, baby, naughty one, thou must be still. Speak to him, madame, or he will fall."

Lena obeyed, and Lili slowly moved on till she reached the child.

"Now, Pierre," she cried gaily, "send thou down a good rope, and I will knot it on to this wicked little rabbit and send him back to you all."

"Don't, don't!" exclaimed the father. "Women never tie safe knots."

"Our women do, monsieur," said an old gray-headed man, "and Lili was always the queen of knot tiers. See you there," he added, as the rope slipped down, followed by a shower of stone and earth. "The descent of a man would have been death, as I said."

Firmly and deliberately Lili tied her knots, testing each twice or thrice.

"Now, Pierre," she cried triumphantly, "up with the little one. He shall swing. Don't cry, Charlie."

Master Charlie probably understood not a word, but he laughed gaily at first, then, with a sudden scare, screamed lustily just as he reached the top and was clasped to his mother's heart.

"And now for Lili," said Lena, hardly waiting to kiss her treasure, in her anxiety for his rescuer.

Pierre was already examining every strand of the rope, which was an old one. He shook his head and showed it to the old man who had answered for Lili's knots.

"See you that, Father Jean? I dare not myself judge. Is it safe for her? She is no feather, but a woman well grown and not thin."

Old Jean inspected the faulty piece slowly, inch by inch.

"No, trust it not. Try the sheets."

They were rapidly knotted by eager hands, strong homespun linen, and a strong dependable rope they made, but —too short. More must be fetched. Off rushed the lads, but Lili had no patience, and quietly but obstinately retraced her steps.

On the cliff the little crowd moved hastily in the same direction, but could see nothing, for the top overhung here and the ledge was hidden.

Suddenly there was a cry, sharp and sudden, and the sound of a heavy fall from beneath them.

From Pierre's broad chest broke a moan like that of some wounded forest beast. He threw himself down, groaning in his despair.

"That was a stone, not a woman," said Father Jean decidedly.

Lena, raising her voice clearly, called, "Lili! Lili!"

There was a moment of suspense and then an answer.

"Hark!" cried Jack. "Pierre, she is safe. She may want help."

Pierre sprang up with all his presence of mind recalled, now the dreaded terror was dispelled, and in another minute came a call of:

"The sheets! I could reach them here. It is harder to return than it was to descend."

"Where art thou, my darling?" asked Pierre.

"Let down the sheets. More to the right—so—that is good."

The linen passed through the men's hands slowly, drawn steadily from below. Evidently Lili was much nearer the top than before.

"Is Father Jean there?" she cried.

"Yes, yes, little one. What wilt thou?" said the old man.

A rapid interchange of question and answer in dialect baffled the English listeners.

Presently the old man knotted his strong oaken staff to a rope and let it go. He had awakened into a sort of alertness, and took on himself the command, his very figure seeming to change from that of a bent aged man to a well set-up veteran soldier; and, indeed, he had served his country long and well.

Short and sharp came his words, and as he called over the names of the strongest, they obeyed, Jack among them, each grasping the sheets firmly.

Half-a-dozen sturdy lads and men, mostly grey-headed, but strong; they stood in line with feet firmly planted and muscles braced.

Then Father Jean, with a satisfied glance, ran his eye over them, clasped Jack's hand yet more firmly on the linen, saying, "Monsieur, when the word is given, hold with all your strength." Uncovering his white hair the old man said reverently, with broken voice, "One prayer for Lili." There was a death-like silence, then bending forward Father Jean called out:

"Art ready, my child? Steady and firm, men. Lili, spring, and His mercy save thee! Guide thyself with the staff."

There was a sudden awful strain and a dead weight on the rope of sheets.

Lili, in answer to the old man's ringing command had sprung lightly from the ledge and was swinging over that tremendous depth. Jack felt sick, but braced himself like a lion, praying hard as he did so.

His companions unanimously pulled steadily and as if eternal salvation depended on the effort. The weight seemed too much for one frightful moment; then with another tremendous effort they felt it yielding; another long steady pull and a laughing face appeared above the grassy edge.

"Pull!" shouted Father Jean. "Pull, my sons; she is saved."

One more, yet more violent effort; Lili was dragged on to the turf, and half her rescuers were on their backs by the sudden slackening of the strain.

Lili scrambled up away from the treacherous brink, and with a rush forward was once more in safety, kissing Father Jean and every one else, and embraced in her turn by all, including Lena and Jack, who could not find words to express all they felt.

Lili, merry, thoughtless and pleased with the excitement, showed how she had descended to the ledge, down an almost perpendicular rock, which made the men even shudder and Father Jean to say solemnly;

"I was the best cliff climber in the district, but this I could not. The hand of Heaven upholds those who are as children and know no danger."

There was a grand rejoicing that night; the young folks danced gaily, and Jack ordered wine and other things as if he were a millionaire instead of having lost his fortune. Nor was Pierre far behind him in liberality.

And Lena, watching by her darling's bed, could not repine when she saw his fair curls on the pillow and his rosy cheek half-buried in the soft white sheets. What was poverty to such a mercy as his safety? And when Jack stole quietly up to see the boy he whispered:

"Lena, I am thankful that you made me do right. When that girl risked her life to save our child, what should I have felt knowing that I had deceived her?"

Even the nurse was forgiven, and truly fond of the child as she was, her terror and misery had punished her severely; she would never be so careless again of her charge.

Next morning the natural reaction came, Lena was white and nervous. Jack, face to face with life's stern realities, felt despondent, and smoked outside the inn sadly, meditating, when Pierre came to him with Lili at his side.

"Monsieur," he said, gravely, "I have thought for myself and for my wife, who cannot decide such things for herself. You have acted with generosity and nobility; it was in your power to keep silence and you spoke; to go and you stayed. I know nothing, being but a man of the people, ignorant of many things.

"You could have kept the money and none but yourself would have known it. Now, monsieur," Pierre spoke with a certain simple dignity, "I am but a fisherman, I cannot speak fine words, but I have my pride, too. Monsieur has the feelings of a gentleman, he is brave and truthful, but he will understand as a man what I, too, feel."

"Hush, Pierre, hush!" exclaimed Jack. "You make me ashamed. I tell you very plainly, it was madame who did all. I was cowardly enough and blackguard enough to think of keeping secret what I know."

"Only for a very little while, though," said Lena, who had come up unobserved.

Pierre bowed to her with a natural grace and dignity.

"Madame," he said, "I have no words, as I have said, but from my heart I thank you both. You are good and noble, and most of all, madame, I am grateful that you so good, and so gracious, have not scorned my darling as some would have done, when they knew all, as Margot has told me you do. My poor Lili, she is but as a flower crushed and thrown aside to wither, never more to be as she was when the count first saw her and coveted her beauty; and he could have chosen from so many high-born, fair women. I had only my Lili."

The last words seemed wrung from the depths of the speaker's soul; recovering himself hastily he went on:

"Madame and monsieur, I swear that of this money I will take from you but this, a provision for Lili in case I die or am disabled. That you will give me; more I need not. Had I children I could not say what I might have done, or even had Lili been what once she was; but you see her, madame, a child pleased with trifles, needing so little, so very little, and I, monsieur, shall but live to watch over her, a lonely man whose wife knows him not as her husband, so that much money would bring me no pleasure. Keep it, monsieur; I am proud to be able to give it."

Lena's instinctive ideas of Pierre's rough grandeur of character were correct; no persuasion would induce him to alter his decision, or accept more than a moderate annuity for Lili; but Lena insisted on something in the way of provision for the widow Margot also, and this was not refused, and a substantial sum went to the convent.

Many were the regrets when the Ainslies reluctantly took leave, promising to return, and as they looked back for a farewell view of the little village where so much had happened of interest to them, they saw Lili waving a gay bouquet of starry ox-eye daisies, a bright figure in the full glow of the autumn sun, while by her side, but in the dark shadow of a rock, stood Pierre, patient and silent, faithfully guarding the untroubled existence of the wife who could never more understand or respond to his love.

DINING IN SWEDEN.

You commence dining in Sweden by lunching. Everyone troops to a sideboard in the dining-room, on which is spread out from a dozen to twenty or more little dishes, largely of uncooked items, such as ham, salmon, herrings, anchovies, tongue, reindeer flesh—all raw; but also cooked and preserved titbits, such as salmon in jelly or in custard, kidneys, cooked ham and tongue; radishes, perchance potatoes, cheese of various sorts, of which some three or four slices are taken and laid on the thin but well-buttered bread, to eat after with the soup, and all, possessing themselves of one of the small plates and knives and forks piled near, dive out various items, picking and choosing, taking bread and butter to go with them.

Then you walk about the dining-room, having, say, a slice of tongue hanging from your fork, and a slice of bread in your hand, your little plate being covered with an array of morsels. On one gentleman's plate I saw two sardines, a slice of raw ham, some salmon in jelly, a slice of veal, and some radishes. He attacked the sardines with his knife, cutting them in half, and so eating them.

This series of bits disposed of, the sideboard is resorted to again, or, perhaps, has been visited during the lunch patrol, and a glass, or perchance two, of white and yellow spirit is taken, the first and last often being mixed. These little preliminaries being settled, then your seat can be taken promptly at the dinner table; the appetizer has stimulated your desire to dine, and the soup is eagerly awaited. A good thick, satisfying soup comes on, with plenty of vegetables in it, and then comes a fish—very often pike—with boiled potatoes; or, perchance, salmon or other fish.

Then follows the roast, of pork, or veal, or beef, or sometimes mutton, or fowl, eaten with cauliflower, gherkins, and cranberries. Your true Scandinavian polishes off a good plateful of each of these courses, and is quite ready to attack, say, a little pie or apple tart, or a species of cabinet pudding, over which whipped cream is poured; or, perchance, dishes of wild raspberries or strawberries are preferred with this cream; and all this is eaten not too slowly. Then resort is made to the coffee, to assist digestion of this double meal. On the railways and on the cruising steamboats that run up the Gulfs of Bothnia or Finland this system of double dining is in very full force.

At the railway stations foreign travelers sometimes come off very badly, because they do not understand that all must help themselves. There are no waiters! There is a great table laid, if the station be pretty large, with a big soup tureen, dishes of all the courses, and at it you go, ladle out your own soup—there are side tables at which to seat yourself—and so you assist yourself to each course; a plan that works admirably at the small stations, but causes a terrible crush, say, around the soup tureen and fish dish, before the company have run away from each other a bit and some distanced the others in the meal race, at the large stations. You pay as you go out, telling the woman what you have had; they trust to your honesty.

Just one example of the type of dinner one gets at a railway station in Lapland: Smorgasbord, that is lunch, mostly raw and smoked; then excellent soup, really splendid salmon, then joints of veal and pork ready sliced, and potatoes, with salad and compote of cranberries, with, as sweets, raspberries and stewed pears with cream, and excellent coffee, for which the fee is, say, sixty cents. On the small but exceedingly well appointed steamers, where all is scrupulously clean, sometimes the meals are set out on deck at long tables.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE BEE.—The idea that a bee invariably dies after stinging is a vulgar error. It will, if allowed time, generally carry its sting away by traveling round upon the wound, giving the instrument a screw movement until it is free. More usually, however, the bee is not allowed time to extricate its sting.

WHY SO CALLED.—The sandwich is called after the Earl of Sandwich. Gooseberry fool is a corruption of gooseberry foule, milled or pressed gooseberries. Forcemeat is a corruption of farce-meat from the French farce, stuffing, i.e. meat for stuffing. Blanc-mange means literally white food, hence chocolate blanc-mange is something of a misnomer. Macaroni is taken from a Greek derivation, which means "the blessed dead," in allusion to the ancient custom of eating it at feasts for the dead. Charlotte is a corruption of the old English word charlyt, which means a dish of custard, and charlotte russe is Russian charlotte.

HIS BATON.—Recent investigations as to the origin of the baton, or stick for beating time, which is used nowadays by the conductor of every large orchestra, have brought out the interesting fact that the first conductor's baton was a formidable staff, about six feet long, which the old-time French musician, Lully by name, who invented it, may have used as much to intimidate the members of his orchestra as to mark the time. In the very oldest orchestras, as in the Chinese ones of the present day, there was no conductor in the modern sense. Every performer played as well as he could, and the man who played upon the loudest instrument—the kettledrum, for instance—marked the time for the rest.

CHINESE SURGERY.—Like most things in China, the practice of surgery differs considerably from that in vogue in less enlightened western countries. Bone-setting in the Celestial Empire is a complicated affair, and doubtless much more efficacious than American methods. In setting a fractured limb the surgeon does not attempt to bring the bones together, but merely wraps the limb in red clay, inserting some strips of bamboo into the clay. These strips are swathed in bandages, and in the outer bandage the head of a live chicken is placed. Here comes the superior science of the Celestial. After the bandage has been secured the fowl is beheaded, and its blood is allowed to penetrate the fracture, for it nourishes the fractured limb, and is "heap good medicine."

Where Success Awaits Young Men

"If there is any one on this earth whom I envy to-day it is the young man of good health, honest principles and a determination to succeed; who lives in a small city and is content to stay there. To him I raise my hat wherever he may be."

So writes

EDWARD W. BOK

In a thorough article on the Editorial page of

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for October

10 Cents a Copy $1.00 a Year

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

AS A TALE THAT'S TOLD.

BY M. L. E.

By hours and days and weeks and months
stealthy Time the year devours,
Summer follows on the spring-tide, autumn
fades to winter drear,
We have rain and shine, bare frozen earth,
and gardens sweet with flowers;
But more things than these are taken for
the making of a year.

The violet of our spring-time, that blooms
more for ever,
The swallow of our summer, with the sunshine on his wing,
The life that leap'd in every pulse, the heart
that wearied never,
Have gone to shape the vanish'd years we
never back can bring.

The smile, the tender hand-clasp, the voice
more sweet than singing,
The soul that was our kindred soul, the love
our love that fed,
The light nor land nor ocean knows its purple
splendor flinging
O'er days and hours departed now and
numbered with the dead.

All our childhood's happy fancies, our youth-time's dreams Elysian,
Glad eyes of ignorance that faced the future
without fear,
And saw it through a roseate veil, a fair and
shining vision,
Have fed the loom where weaver Time sits
shaping out the year!

WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORMISTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LADY PAULINE regarded him coolly
"And you knew this unfortunate woman?" she said.

Bobby hung his head.

"I will not reproach you; but, if I may say a word in season——"

"There's no need," said poor Bobby. "I'm punished badly enough as it is. All my thoughts are of Decima. To think that she is mixed up in this!"

Lady Pauline inclined her head

"Mr. Mershon?" she asked.

Bobby started.

"Mr. Mershon? He is the man Decima is engaged to," he said.

"Please write and tell him that I wish to see him," said Lady Pauline. "You would like to see her? She will not know you; she is quite unconscious."

Bobby went up to Decima's room, and gazed at her piteously, as he had done before.

As he left the house, the special editions of the evening papers were being bawled through the streets, and the raucous voices of the newspaper boys were shouting, "Orrible murder! Tragedy in 'igh life!"

All England was ringing with the news of the murder, and the consternation and excitement in Loamshire, and round about Loatmore especially, was intense. Crowds gathered round the gates of Loafmore and stared up the avenue as if they expected to glean something of the grim tragedy from a glimpse of the house.

Bobby had wired to Bright and he had dashed off with the news to Mershon to beg him to help break it to Mr. Deane.

Mershon was startled, but more indignant at Decima's connection with the affair than horrified at the tragedy itself.

"Always thought there was something queer about Lord Gaunt," he said. "Yes, he's just the man to shoot or stab his wife if he didn't like her——I beg your pardon," for Bright had reddened and exclaimed indignantly, "Of course you think he's innocent."

"How could I think otherwise?" said Bright warmly. "Lord Gaunt is not guilty."

"All right," said Mershon, grimly, and with a shrug of his shoulders. "To tell you the truth, I don't very much care whether he is, or whether he isn't—of course, I hope he isn't; what I'm thinking about is Decima—Miss Deane. What I want to know is: Why did she bolt up to town, and why did she go round to his rooms?"

"Miss Deane went to see her brother, I imagine," said Bright. "She could not know that Lord Gaunt would be there—that he was in London. None of us—not even I—have known anything of his movements. It is terrible that Miss Deane's name should appear in the affair."

"I should think so!" said Mershon, moodily. "It's jolly hard on me, I know!"

"I am going round to Mr. Deane to tell him," said Bright. "Will you come with me? I shall go straight from there to London, of course. Lord Gaunt will want me, and if he did not——"

"I'll go with you," said Mershon.

He accompanied Bright, and ordered the carriage to follow them to the Woodbines.

They found Mr. Deane in the laboratory, and broke the news. He was startled, but by no means overwhelmed, though distressed in a confused and bewildered way at the fact that Decima was concerned in the matter, and was ill.

"I am thankful she is with Lady Pauline," he said. "It—it would be of little use my going up to her——" He glanced wistfully at the ridiculous model he was at work upon.

"No, no," said Mershon, gnawing at his cigar. "I'm going; you'd better leave it to me. The old fool doesn't realize it," he said to Bright as they passed out. "He don't see that this will bring a lot of scandal upon my head."

The following morning, while Bright was going to and from the Mansions and Scotland Yard, trying to master the details, Mershon presented himself at Lady Pauline's.

Her first thought, as she looked at him was, "How does it happen that Decima—my Decima—is engaged to this man?" For Mr. Mershon, pale and sullen with anxiety and resentment at the state of things, was not prepossessing; and Lady Pauline's cold and stately manner of receiving him did not tend to put him at his ease.

"My niece is very ill, Mr. Mershon," she said, as she motioned him to a chair; "very ill, indeed. But you have, no doubt, been informed?"

"Is she too ill to see me?" he broke in.

"Much too ill," replied Lady Pauline, "and—I think it best to be quite candid, Mr. Mershon—even if she were well enough, I do not think the interview would be desirable."

"Not—not desirable?" he repeated, staring at her. "Why—why, she's engaged to me!"

"She was, so she has informed me," said Lady Pauline.

"Was!" echoed Mershon. "What do you mean? I don't understand——"

"I am glad you have come to see me so soon," she said. "It is only right that you should know, at the earliest possible moment, that my niece desires to withdraw from her engagement to you, Mr. Mershon."

Mershon started from his chair, and reddened.

"Wants to—to break it off!" he said, huskily. "Why? Why should she want to break it off?"

With her usual directness and strict regard for truth, Lady Pauline answered, gravely.

"My niece does not love you."

Mershon's pallor was startling. Then he laughed uneasily.

"I think I understand!" he said. "She—she thinks this scandal—that I shall be angry and cut up about it. Well, so I am, but it won't make any difference to me, of course.

"I don't like it; no man would like to have his future wife mixed up with such an awful business as this; and—and some fellows would want to draw back; but I'm not that kind of a man. Tell Decie that I stand by my word; yes, that I say that even now, when I don't know why she went to Gaunt's rooms, or whether she expects I to see him or not. Just tell her that, Lady Pauline."

Lady Pauline rose. The man's vulgarity and meanness simply amazed her. Why—why had Decima promised to marry a person who was not even a gentleman?

"I will tell my niece what you say, certainly," she said, "But it may be some time before she is well enough to receive your message; and I think I may assure you that it will not have the effect upon her which you expect and desire. She will not marry you, Mr. Mershon."

He reddened, and plucked at his gloves.

"She—she was off her head—she didn't know what she was saying when she told you she wanted to break off the engagement," he stammered.

"On the contrary, she was quite conscious, and her words were perfectly lucid and final," said Lady Pauline. "I fear I cannot remain away from her any longer, Mr. Mershon." She rose, and Mershon, almost too furious to mutter the conventional adieu, left the house.

Had there been anything between Decima and Gaunt? he asked himself. His jealousy arose and tore at him, vulture fashion, as he thought of Gaunt's and Decima's friendship, of the way in which she had helped to restore the Hall, and carry out Bright's plans.

And then she had come up to London all of a sudden, and had gone to Gaunt's rooms! A fierce hatred and suspicion of Gaunt took possession of him.

He went straight to his lawyer—a sharp city attorney who had acted for Mershon in many risky cases.

"Terrible affair this, Mr. Mershon," he began, for he knew of Mershon's engagement to Miss Deane, who was mixed up in the "Murder in Prince's Mansions"; and he suspected that Mershon had come to consult him; and he was right.

"Yes," said Mershon abruptly. "Look here, Gilsby; I'm in this, after a fashion. I want you to act for me. Of course this fellow, Lord Gaunt, is the murderer."

Mr. Gilsby looked rather startled.

"Well—the evidence——"

"Is enough to hang any man," broke in Mershon. "When's the inquest?"

"To-morrow, I should imagine; I can ascertain."

"Do so. And, see here, brief one of the sharpest common law barristers; get the best Old Bailey man you can; and let him represent me at the inquest."

Mr. Gilsby nodded, and waited.

"If that man, Gaunt, did it, he ought not to get off," continued Mershon, avoiding the lawyer's eyes. "He's a swell, a noble lord, and all that, and they—his friends—will move Heaven and earth to get him off. Now, I say that it would be a miscarriage of justice if they succeeded. A man who'd shoot a woman in cold blood is—er—or—ought to be hung."

"Certainly, certainly," assented Mr. Gilsby. "But you need have no fear, Mr. Mershon; the Treasury will prosecute——"

"I know all that, curse it!" broke in Mershon, fiercely. "But I want to help. Get the best man you can, and let him appear at the inquest, and—and see that there's no attempt to hoodwink and bamboozle the jury. See?"

The sharp city attorney did see. He nodded, and rang a bell.

"Boskett is our man, Mr. Mershon," he said, quietly. "I'll brief him. And you think Lord Gaunt is guilty?"

"I'm sure of it," snapped Mershon. "I'm staying at the Grand," he added, as he flung on his hat and left the office.

Mr. Gilsby looked at the closed door thoughtfully. It opened again suddenly, and Mr. Mershon entered.

"You've got all those bills of Mr. Deane's haven't you?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Right. I may want to recover on them. May want to do so all in a hurry. If I wire 'Act,' you'll drop down on Deane. See?"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE inquest was held on the following day. The room was crowded with lawyers, reporters, and as many of the curious public which could force and squeeze their way in. Not for many years had so sensational and "interesting" a murder been committed, and the world was watching the development of events, and waiting for every detail with an eagerness which even the most enterprising of the newspapers could not satisfy.

And some of them, it must be admitted, had done their best. Short, and charmingly inaccurate, biographies of Lord Gaunt had appeared, together with portraits hideously unlike him.

Some of the sketches of his life represented him as a man who had spent most of his days in the society of savages, and was, therefore, just the man to commit a peculiarly ferocious murder.

Bobby and Bright had almost to fight their way into the room, and it was some minutes before they could reach the solicitors' table, where Mr. Pelford, the head of the firm of Gaunt's lawyers, was sitting beside the famous counsel, Sir James Letson, whom Pelford and Lang had retained.

Mr. Pelford nodded to Bright.

"We've got Sir James, you see, Mr. Bright," he said, in a hurried undertone. "And everything will be done that can be done for Lord Gaunt; but"—he shook his head gravely—"the case looks very bad. Do you see that Mr. Boskett is here?" he glanced towards that eminent gentleman. "He appears for Miss Deane."

Bobby started.

"I—I did not engage him," he said. "I never thought of it!"

"He is instructed by Mr. Gilsby," said Mr. Pelford, in rather a dry voice. "He is Mr. Mershon's solicitor. Mr. Mershon is just behind that partition—you cannot see him from here. Yes, the case looks serious; but—well, Sir James will do all that can be done, rest assured."

After the usual formal preliminaries, the police began to call their witnesses; and, as one after the other appeared, and told his or her story, Mr. Bright's anxious face grew more anxious and careworn. Brick by brick, as it were, the solicitor of the Treasury was building up the case against Lord Gaunt.

First came the page, who told how he had let in, first, Miss Deane; then Jane, who had admitted Lord Gaunt and the deceased.

"Is Miss Deane here?" asked the coroner.

Mr. Boskett rose, with the leisurely air which marked his terrible keenness.

"I appear for Miss Deane, sir," he said.

"I doubt your right," interrupted the coroner; "but go on."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Boskett. "I have, at present, only to state that Miss Deane is very ill, and quite unable to be here. She is, in fact, unconscious, and I produce the doctor's certificate."

He handed it in and sat down. The coroner read it, and nodded gravely for the witness to proceed.

Jane told her story very well. She had taken tea in for Miss Deane, and she had not seen her since.

She was there, in the room, when Lord Gaunt had entered, and Jane had heard their voices talking together. Then the deceased had arrived. No, she did not usher her into the drawing-room.

The lady inquired for Mr. Deane, and, on being told that he was not in, she had said she would go and sit down and wait for him, and, as she knew the way, Jane need not trouble.

She had not seen the deceased and Lord Gaunt together; but she had heard them talking, and once—here she hesitated, but only for a moment—they were speaking so loudly, there was a kind of cry—that she knocked at the door, thinking she was called.

She had not entered. A little later—it might be half-an-hour—Lord Gaunt had come down the corridor from one of the other rooms, and passed her on his way out. She was taking to the doctor in the lift. Lord Gaunt had no overcoat. She had felt ashamed at being caught gossiping, and had run away into the kitchen.

No one else came that night. They waited for Mr. Deane until past eleven, then went to bed. She had looked into the room to see to the fire, but had not noticed anyone there, or seen anything unusual.

In the morning she found the deceased lying on the couch, as the doctor had described. She was dead; there was a wound right above her heart, and the dagger which the policeman showed her now was lying on the floor.

The portrait was lying smashed in the fireplace. Yes, it was the master's, Lord Gaunt's; but she was certain, quite, quite certain, that he could not have done it!

The coroner stopped her, with uplifted hand. The solicitor of the Treasury asked a few questions of small details, and then Sir James rose.

"You heard no cry for help, no screaming or shrieking?"

"No, sir. Only the poor lady, talking loudly. Lord Gaunt's voice was quite like."

"The deceased asked for Mr. Deane?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever seen the deceased before?"

"Oh, yes," said Jane. "She had dined with Mr. Deane at a dinner-party, with Mr. Thorpe and Mr. Trevor." No, she had never before seen Lord Gaunt with the deceased. Did not know that he was married—didn't quite believe it even now.

Mr. Boskett got up, and in the softest and blandest of voices, asked:

"Now, will you tell us—don't be afraid!—you heard voices at various times that evening? Did you hear Miss Deane's voice after—mind, after—the deceased had entered the room?"

"No," said Jane. "There were only two voices after that, the deceased's and Lord Gaunt's."

"And you did not see Miss Deane leave the Mansions? She might have left a few minutes after the deceased had entered?"

"Yes, sir. I think she must, because I didn't see her go afterwards, and, of course, I was waiting to be rung for to let visitors out as usual."

"And Miss Deane asked for her brother, and not for Lord Gaunt?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I'm sure the young lady

doesn't know anything about it. She is the sweetest——"

The coroner stopped her again, and Mr. Boskett, with an encouraging smile, and a glance at the jury, murmured, audibly—

"No one suspects her."

Then, aloud, he said—

"Now, tell me. You found the inner door of the drawing room locked? On the bedroom side?"

"Yes, sir."

"And no one entered the drawing room, so far as you know, after the deceased? You must have heard them——"

Sir James rose.

"Really, that is scarcely a fair question!" he said.

"We want all the information we can get," remarked Mr. Boskett, blandly.

The coroner nodded, and Jane said, "No; no one had come in afterwards."

"And now, did you notice anything peculiar in Lord Gaunt's manner when he passed you in the corridor on his way out?"

Jane hesitated. "His lordship looked upset and—and worried, sir!"

"Anything peculiar about his dress? Think."

"He knows something," whispered Mr. Pelford, to Sir James. Sir James did not move a muscle. Jane hesitated, and looked distressed.

"Come, speak out," said Mr. Boskett gently and persuasively, and Jane, with a kind of sob, said:

"There—there was blood on his wristband."

A thrill ran through the crowd. Mr. Boskett glanced at the jury in a casual kind of way. "The porter was with you as Lord Gaunt passed?"

"Yes," said Jane, and she was allowed to stand down.

The porter was next called, and gave his evidence clearly. So far as he knew, no one had entered Lord Gaunt's flat after the deceased.

Yes; Lord Gaunt had looked haggard and upset; and he, the porter, had noticed the blood stain on the wristband.

So also had Wilkins, the butler, from Morlet's. He carried the grim story a point further by telling how he had sent on the luggage to Southampton, but had heard Lord Gaunt, when leaving in the morning, direct the cabman to drive to Charing Cross.

He had remarked that Lord Gaunt did not wear his fur coat when he returned the preceding night, and had been informed by Lord Gaunt that he had left it at the club.

The crowd exchanged glances and murmured significantly.

Then Mr. Morgan Thorpe was called. He was a piteous spectacle. The usually pleasant and youthful face was haggard, drawn; his eyelids were swollen and his lips tremulous and pale. He had been drinking, but not enough to steady his shaking hands and voice.

As he raised his eyes and glanced round the court with a shrinking look, Bobby could scarcely believe that it was the same man who, only a few days ago, had swaggered and ruffled it with such self-assurance.

Every answer had to be dragged out of him. Yes, the deceased was his sister. She was married, secretly, to Lord Gaunt, who married her under the name of Barnard. Had not known Barnard's real name and title.

His sister and her husband had separated soon after the marriage, and she had lived with him, the brother, since that time. Her husband had disappeared, quite disappeared. She had not seen him, to his, Morgan-Thorpe's, knowledge between the hour of their parting, and the night of the murder——

Sir James looked up.

"Do not use the word 'murder,' Mr. Thorpe," he said, sharply; "the jury have not yet given their verdict."

Morgan Thorpe glared at him resentfully.

"It was murder—foul and cowardly murder——"

"Silence!" said the coroner, sternly. "Confine yourself to a statement of what you actually know."

Sir James rose.

"You say, Mr. Thorpe, that, so far as you are aware, your sister did not know the whereabouts of Lord Gaunt."

"She did not—I swear it."

"You knew she was going to Prince's Mansions the night of the 6th?"

Thorpe hesitated. Could he venture to deny it? As he paused, Sir James carelessly picked up a blue paper from the table, and Morgan Thorpe's eyes dropped.

"I knew it."

Sir James handed him the bill.

"This was found in the pocket of the deceased. It is a bill, unsigned, for two hundred pounds. Can you explain it?"

Thorpe glanced at Bobby, and his face went white.

"My—my poor sister was in want of money. She—she thought Mr. Deane would lend it to her—" His voice grew inaudible. Bobby hung his head as every eye in court was directed to him.

"May I take it that you sent her on this errand?" said Sir James.

Morgan Thorpe raised his head, and stared at him insolently.

"You may take it as you please," he said, defiantly.

"That is sufficient," said Sir James, gravely.

Mr. Boskett rose.

"One moment, Mr. Thorpe. Were you aware of the real name and and rank of the deceased's husband? Oh, don't hesitate, please!" he added, with the first note of sharpness in his voice; and Thorpe nodded.

"Yes? And you kept your knowledge from your sister?"

Thorpe looked round like a hunted animal, seeking for some means of escape.

"I—I did. I thought it best."

Mr. Boskett turned his glittering eyes upon him.

"Did not Lord Gaunt undertake to pay you a sum of money to keep his identity secret? Answer, please!"

The reply was scarcely audible.

"Good. Now, Mr. Thorpe, you remember a certain scandal in Paris in the summer of 18—. A scandal in which a lady was concerned. Was not that lady your sister?"

"Yes," said Morgan Thorpe, and Mr. Boskett turned to the jury.

"I regret to have to allude to this matter, but I desire to show the cause of Lord Gaunt's desertion of his wife——"

"Not desertion!" said Sir James quickly.

"Separation, if you like!" said Mr. Boskett. "In a word, Mr. Thorpe, did not Lord Gaunt separate from his wife because he discovered certain facts in connection with her life before her marriage?"

Morgan Thorpe moistened his lips.

"It any one has been saying——" he began, but the coroner interrupted him.

"Painful as this question must be to you, Mr. Thorpe, you must answer it."

"Well, yes—so he said," replied Thorpe.

"And these facts you concealed from him? Did you conceal from him this other fact, that you had suffered three months' imprisonment for fraud, committed two years before you made his acquaintance?"

"Where did he get all this?" asked Sir James, testily, of Mr. Pelford, while the court was waiting on Thorpe's reply.

"If I am to submit to have all my past life raked up for the amusement of a crowd!" panted Morgan Thorpe.

"Answer, sir!" said the coroner sternly; and Thorpe's livid lips formed the "Yes."

"Did you conceal the identity of her husband and his whereabouts, from the deceased, because you feared his violence if they should meet?" asked Mr. Boskett in gentle tones.

It was scarcely a permissible question, and Sir James was on his feet in a moment; but Thorpe got his answer out before he could be stopped.

"Yes; I—I did!" he said, with a suppressed eagerness. "Gaunt was a violent man. One of the hottest tempered men I have ever met. I wanted to protect my poor sister——"

The coroner stopped him; but it was too late. The jury had got the impression Mr. Boskett had desired to give them.

"I have finished with you," he said, with that air of satisfaction which a clever counsel can make so telling.

One or two other witnesses were called, and the two doctors who had been summoned after the discovery of the body were recalled by Mr. Boskett.

"I wish to ask these gentlemen a question, sir," he said to the coroner. "The young lady, Miss Deane, who is now, I regret to say, lying unconscious, and seriously ill, is unfortunately connected with this case by one of those accidents to which we are all liable. I do not think that the slightest suspicion has been directed towards her; but, nevertheless—perhaps because I feel it my duty to protect her from any future suspicion—I desire to ask a question on her behalf. I ask you, sir," he turned to the first doctor, "if, in your opinion, it would be possible for a young girl to have lifted and placed the body on the couch, as it was discovered?"

"No, certainly not," was the reply, and the second doctor repeated the answer.

Then the coroner wound up; and as with the skill of experience, he linked the evidence together, Bright and Bobby felt as if a chain were being wound round Gaunt.

The crowd listened with breathless attention to every word, and, when he had finished, turned their eyes upon the jury with hungry impatience.

The jury did not leave the box, but gathered together, and whispered for a few minutes, then pronounced the verdict.

They found "Edward Barnard Gaunt, Earl of Gaunt, guilty of the wilful murder of his wife, Laura."

Mr. Bright rose, white and trembling; Bobby let his head fall in his hands. Someone touched him on the arm, and looking up, he saw Mershon beside him. He was pale, save for a red spot on each cheek, and his small eyes shone vindictively.

"A clear case," he said with a note of satisfaction in his thin voice. "He did it right enough. And they'll have him presently. They've cabled to stop the ship at the Canaries."

Bobby shrank from him with a wild look of horror.

"I—I don't believe it," he said, his voice breaking. "Gaunt is as innocent as—as I am!"

Mershon shrugged his shoulders.

"All right! Let him come home and prove it!" he said sullenly. He went over to Mr. Gilsby, who was talking to Mr. Boskett—Mr. Boskett cheerfully triumphant—and clutched him nervously by the arm.

"They'll get him, eh, Gilsby? He can't escape, can he?"

Mr. Gilsby smiled assuringly.

"Oh, no, certainly not. Quite impossible! You may make your mind easy on that point, Mr. Mershon! They'll bring him back in a few days."

Mershon drew a breath of satisfaction, and hurried out of the court.

Mr. Boskett glanced after him, and raised his eyebrows questioningly.

Mr. Gilsby smiled.

"Both fond of Miss Deane," he said, answering the unspoken question. "You'll bitterly disappoint my client if you fail to get a conviction, Mr. Boskett. But that's a certainty, I suppose?"

Mr. Boskett only smiled in reply.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE Pevensey Castle went on her way. There were a number of passengers, and the usual amusements and entertainments were arranged and successfully carried out; and there was a good deal of laughter and merry-making on board the big ship.

But Gaunt took no part in the quoit playing, the concerts, or the dances. He craved for solitude, and he avoided his fellow-passengers, and spent most of his time in solitary pacing of the least-frequented part of the deck, or shut up in his cabin.

It seemed to him as if his heart would never cease to ache with the longing for the girl-love whom he had so nearly wronged, and whom he should never see again. Decima was always before him, always in his thoughts; and, as he imagined—and he could so easily picture it!—her sorrow and horror at his conduct he felt almost too wretched to live.

And yet he had not sinned wilfully. He had gone to Scotland to avoid her; he had been on his way to Africa to put a still greater distance between them, when Fate had led her to his rooms.

There was one other passenger who took no part in the pastimes of the vessel—this was Mr. Jackson.

He, like Gaunt, spent his time pacing the deck, but in another part than that which Gaunt so restlessly trod. But when down below, Mr. Jackson did not confine himself to his cabin, though he spent some time there.

He was very often in the smoking saloon, or in the purser's canteen; and there was always a glass of champagne or brandy-and-soda before him. He drank a great deal; but he was never intoxicated; indeed, his liquor seemed to take little or no effect upon him.

For some days he avoided his fellow-passengers, only speaking when he was obliged, and then only in monosyllables. People on board a ship are always curious about their fellow-voyagers, and there was a general idea that Mr. Jackson had lost all his money in Africa; but this idea was dropped when Mr. Jackson one evening joined the inevitable card party, and took a hand at poker.

He played every night; indeed, whenever play was going on, and he did not seem to care very much whether he won or lost.

It cannot be said that he added to the geniality of the party, for he rarely spoke, and never laughed, or smiled. The other players regarded him rather curiously, and with a certain amount of doubt; for there was something peculiar and uncanny about his manner and appearance.

His face was so unnaturally pale, his eyes so unpleasantly red and blood-shot; and he had a singular trick of looking up in the midst of a game, with a vacant stare, as if he were seeing something, or hearing something, that was not perceptible to the others; and once or twice he had laid down his cards, and risen from his chair, as if he had forgotten that the game was in progress.

"Our friend, Mr. Jackson, has got something on his mind," remarked one of the players one evening, after Jackson had left the saloon. He had walked out with a perfectly unmoved countenance, as impassive as a stone mask, though he had won a considerable sum.

"It's drink, I think," said another. "He drinks like a fish. Why, how many glasses do you think he's put down while he's been sitting here?"

"And the extraordinary thing is, that it never seems to have any effect on him," remarked a third. "Why, most of us would have been under the table if we had drunk half that young fellow has mopped up! You meet some queer characters on board a ship, don't you?"

Now and again Gaunt met or came across Mr. Jackson, and Jackson would always eye him sidewise, and give him a nod, which Gaunt returned in an absent-minded way.

One evening, Gaunt was pacing up and down on his favorite part of the deck, thinking, of course, of Decima, when he saw Jackson coming toward him. The moon was shining brightly, and Gaunt could see the young fellow's face quite plainly.

It was working spasmodically; the lips were moving as if he were talking to himself, and his hands were clenched at his side. Gaunt stopped half mechanically, and in the shadow of a deck-house, absently watched the man.

Jackson brought up his walk within a few yards of Gaunt, and, leaning over the vessel's side, stared out to sea with blood-shot eyes. Suddenly he put one foot on the gunwale, then drew up the other, and stood in imminent danger of falling over.

It looked to Gaunt as if the man were meditating suicide, and Gaunt sprang forward, seized him by the arm, and dragged him down to the deck.

"What are you doing?" he asked, sternly.

Mr. Jackson eyed him vacantly for a moment, then he said, without a smile—

"I wanted to see if I could stand there without falling over."

"Rather a dangerous experiment, wasn't it?" said Gaunt.

Jackson looked up at him with a kind of sullen defiance.

"Anyhow, it's no business of yours!" he said. Gaunt smiled grimly.

"I suppose not," he said. "But I am not sure. If I had allowed you to fall over, you would, in all probability, have been drowned, and I should have been accessory to your suicide. I might have been charged with your murder."

At the word murder, Jackson started and shuddered, and looked at Gaunt with an angry stare.

"What do you mean by that?" he said.

"Exactly what I say," said Gaunt. He saw that the young fellow had been drinking, and a kind of pity stole into Gaunt's breast; his own sorrow made him very tender towards the weakness and folly of his fellowmen.

"Better go down to your cabin," he said; "and don't drink any more to-night."

"I'm not drunk," said Jackson sullenly.

"No, but you've had enough," said Gaunt.

There was a touch of sympathy in his tone which appeared to affect the young fellow.

"I'm wretched!" he said.

"My dear fellow," remarked Gaunt, "if all the men who were wretched flung themselves into the sea, how many passengers do you think would remain on board the Pevensey Castle?"

Jackson looked at him curiously.

"You don't look particularly cheerful," he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THERE has been little progress in cooking utensils in two thousand years. Implements like those still in use are to be found in Pompeian ruins.

SUNDERED.

BY S. U. W.

When ling'ring lights and fitful shades are playing
Across the upland heights and daisied lea,
When lambkins through the new-grassed fields are straying,
And green leaves dance on ev'ry shrub and tree,
When lads and lasses in the meads are maying,
Do you recall the vows you made to me?

When butterflies in bright and sunny weather
Spread velvet wings and flit now here, now there,
When, from the scented gorse and flow'r-flecked heather,
The murmurs of the brown bees fill the air,
Do you recall the days we spent together,
When both were young, when I was gay and fair?

When landrails call at noon from 'mid the clo'er,
When in the morning skylarks gaily soar,
When white mists fall 'the hills and valleys over,
And the stars peep out through heav'n's shining floor,
Do you forget that once you were my lover?
Do you forget that we shall meet no more?

In a Private Ward.

BY M. E. L.

IT was not so many months ago that it was my ill-fate to break my leg at lawn tennis, and to be carried away summarily and by my own express request to St. Augustine's Hospital, N. W. I knew that I should be better cared for there than in my lonely chambers in Gray's Inn, and be less of a nuisance to those friends, relatives, and acquaintances who might consider it their duty to grope their way to see me in my dusty rooms on the third floor.

I felt that they would be less of a trouble to me, too, if I could receive them, in a private ward, at certain stated times, and be prepared for all their questions, all their sympathy, all their good wishes for my ultimate recovery.

The hospital which I designate here as St. Augustine's is one of the biggest and busiest of the city institutions, and it places a ward or two at the disposal of paying patients, each ward containing a certain number of rooms, wherein three or unfortunate mortals are quietly tucked away in odd corners and treated with every consideration.

There was accommodation for four paying patients in Ward 2—my ward—of St. Augustine's; but during my enforced stay therein the beds were not wholly occupied.

At an early period of my stay there were two patients besides myself, one of whom died, and was carried off surreptitiously during the first week after my arrival, and the second departed a little later, delighted with a better condition of liver, and promising to give me a "look up," and see how I was getting on, which he never did.

For seven or eight days, I remember, I had the room to myself, with heaps of books for company; and then another patient was borne in with exceeding care, and put to bed on the other side of the big fireplace.

He was quickly followed by two doctors, who had been interested in the case, and had been previously attending to him in the operating-room, and who now inspected, advised, soothed, and warned him with an extra degree of attention and earnestness that seemed a little remarkable to me.

A man naturally feels interested in one who is to live and breathe and eat and drink and sleep in the same apartment with himself for a certain number of weeks, and I regarded my new companion with furtive interest when the doctors had departed and only the nurses were flitting noiselessly about the room before taking their departure for a while.

My fellow-patient was a young man about my own age, and had been a handsome fellow when in full enjoyment of his health and strength; but he was now very pale and thin and haggard, as if many weeks of sickness and suffering had pulled him down considerably.

What struck me almost immediately was the lustre of his two large restless eyes, foreign eyes, I was disposed to think them, because of their depth of blackness and their extraordinarily piercing quality.

Ill as he was, and dangerously so as he possibly might be for the next four-and-twenty hours, I was impressed by his keen glance in my direction, at the first opportunity which presented itself, to take stock of me in his turn. This was immediately after we were left alone together.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked abruptly.

"A broken leg," I replied.

"How did it come about?"

"Lawn-tennis."

"What a pity a man has nothing better to do than hop about in a harlequin suit with a bat and a ball!" he said scornfully, almost insolently.

This was a gentleman who was destined to be an unpleasant companion for an indefinite time, I considered. As he was very weak, and spoke in a husky whisper, I did not encourage conversation; and, in any case, I should not have felt called upon to reply to his last remark. He had simply expressed an opinion, and he was quite welcome to it so far as I was concerned; but he went on, without waiting for an answer.

"Well, you have paid for your gambols; and here you are, like me, in the purgatory of broken bones!" he added excitedly. "And, if you don't get on any better than I am getting on, you are one of the unluckiest wretches in the world!"

"When did you break your leg?" I ventured to ask.

"Months ago," he answered.

"A long case," I remarked.

"A hard case! Everything wrong, and the martyr broken on the wheel over again for the amusements of students, and to give the operator a subject and a topic to gabble over. May be——"

At this point, to my surprise and alarm, he fainted clean away, and I had to ring a bell at my bedside to summon the nurses to his assistance.

He was delirious that night, I remember, and needed such constant attention that I was kept restless and wakeful.

The nurses appeared to give no heed to his distracted manner; but it was a new experience to me, and I was interested in the man. No one suggested my removal to another ward while this raving fit was on him.

"He will be exhausted presently—tire himself out, perhaps die," it was whispered to me by way of consolation.

He babbled of green fields, as Falstaff did at the "Old Boar's Head." His ravings at first were of summer wanderings and of fair landscapes in the company of one Katie, whose name rang out with startling distinctness.

"See there, Katie—is not that lovely? Oh, to be able to paint like that!" he cried out once, with rapt enthusiasm.

"Katie," a woman or child—a dream-figure, perhaps—seemed to fill his mind. Even when his imaginings took a turn of terror and alarm—owing to fierce conflicts and terrible onslaughts, to pursuing and being pursued, to murders most foul and escapes most marvellous, to prisons and prayers for mercy—this "Katie" was still uppermost in his mind.

It was she who was alone with him in his troubles, escaping from him or with him, saving him or betraying him, over the central figure of his wild conceptions; and, just before he fell into a deep sleep, his quivering lips whispered, "Poor Kate!"

The following day he was very weak, and lay in a helpless and critical state; but he was perfectly conscious, and the numerous straps and bandages which had prevented him from tossing about and displacing his bones again were quietly removed. He was so terribly prostrated at night that the question was softly put to him:

"Is there any one whom you would like to see?"

He shook his head.

"No mother—sister—wife?" urged the nurse—"Sister Alice" she was called in the hospital—who was a deeply earnest and religious woman.

"No. Why do you ask? Am I going to die?"

"I do not say so. I have no right to say so."

"Ah, well, it doesn't matter if I do!" he said carelessly, then added sharply, after glancing at the nurse's serious face, "But don't preach to me, please! I hate preaching, and I am past praying for!"

"Oh, no!" Sister Alice answered quietly, doubtless thinking it wise to say no more just then.

When she had left the room, my companion looked across at me.

"As if that woman could do me any good!" he said in a hoarse whisper.

"She will not do you any harm," I replied.

He was silent again, and I did not attempt any further conversation with him in his weakened condition.

On the third day he was considerably stronger and better. A letter came for him with a foreign postmark. It was brought to me first by a new orderly—a clumsy young fellow, who had been recently appointed to the post—and I took it from his hands unconsciously.

A glance at the address however showed me that it was for "Mr. Frank Linfold;" but the orderly had abruptly vanished and left me with the letter in my hand.

"It is not for me," I said; "possibly it is for you—a Mr. Linfold?"

"Yes—it is my letter," he answered. "What did the idiot mean by giving it to you?"

He gave vent to two or three oaths, and glared at me savagely, as though I had been the cause of the mistake. I could not pass the letter to him—he was half a dozen yards from me; and, if I were to fling it in his direction it might fall between the bed and the wall.

"Shall I ring?" I asked.

"To be sure! Do you think I can submit to be tortured by delay like this—or am willing to suffer for the stupidity of that hospital jackal—I who have waited for that letter as for my salvation?"

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed!" Linfold said mockingly. Then, angrily—"What an infernal time they keep people waiting. Ring again, please! Ring the place down until they do come! Ring! Oh, here you are! The same fool too!" he exclaimed, as the orderly reappeared. "Here, you, sir, how dare you pass my letter to him—you dolt, you——"

"I beg your pardon sir," apologized the scared attendant, taking the letter from me. "I didn't know which was the right gentleman. I have only just come here.

"Then the sooner you are off again the better!" growled Linfold, snatching the letter from the man's hand. "You are no use here; you are only a miserable encumbrance on the face of the earth! Get out!"

The man departed, much aggrieved, and Mr. Linfold lay and read his letter carefully and critically.

It was a long letter, in a woman's handwriting, crossed and recrossed after the fashion of feminine epistles, and was written on foreign paper.

Of that I became conscious without feeling myself in any way a spy, although Linfold seemed almost to regard me as such when he was tearing up his letter into very small pieces. While he was doing so, our eyes met. Perhaps I had betrayed too much interest, possibly I was too curious, for he said sarcastically:

"Your newspaper does not seem to interest you this morning."

"Oh, yes, it does!" I replied. "It's from Melbourne, where I have friends; so Australian news is always interesting to me."

"Why are you looking at me so critically?"

"I beg your pardon," I said, laughing. "Was I?"

"Yes—you were," he answered sullenly; "and you know you were!"

"Perhaps I might have been—unconsciously almost," I condescended to confess, despite the fact that my companion's manner was becoming extremely irritating to me. "Yours was a foreign letter, and it crossed my mind—don't laugh at me—that the lady had a long explanation to make."

He dropped the pieces of paper on to the floor and regarded me with a malevolent look. My last remark had not pleased him, I was sure; but he made no reply to them.

Before the week was out my companion had become stronger; but his case still presented features of interest that did not appertain to my own ordinary compound fracture.

The doctors were longer over their examination of him. They brought strange doctors to see him; but for what reason I did not know, nor could I find an opportunity of inquiring. Most of the time he remained sullen and unsympathetic. His long affliction, I thought, had perhaps soured him.

One day, after my friends had taken their departure—he seemed to be entirely destitute of friends—he said bitterly:

"You are a man with troops of acquaintances. Do they run after you as much as this when you are at home?"

"About the same," I said.

"You don't get much time to yourself, then."

"Plenty."

"I don't see how. Those people would worry me to death. I should hate the lot of them, dropping in at all hours, with their commonplaces and their noisy yelping laughter!"

"They are glad to see me, at all events."

"You have money to lend, perhaps," was his cynical comment.

"Oh, no!"

"What are you?"

"A barrister."

"Any briefs?"

"Very few."

"I thought as much. Lawn tennis is more in your line than law-courts," he said, with a hard laugh.

"Yes," I said—"I get on rapidly at tennis, and I don't at law. What are you?"

Linfold, so ready with his own questions, did not appear to relish mine. His eyebrows were lowered quickly over his dark eyes, as though he actually resented such a leading question in his own case. He answered me at last however.

"A commercial traveler," he said. "Not such a dignified occupation as your own; but one sees life, has change of scene, and keeps one's head above water."

"Y-e-s," I said.

"What do you mean by that drawling 'Yes?'" he asked snappishly.

"I should not have taken you for a commercial traveler," I said.

"What would you have taken me for?" he asked.

"A soldier—some one who knows his drill, at any rate."

"What put that into your head?"

"Oh, you talk in your sleep! You do a lot of marching and quick marching; then you fight your battles over again, and——"

"Well?"

"Kick up a row generally."

"Why don't you throw one of your books at me and wake me?" he inquired. "I would oblige you in that way pretty quickly."

"You are very kind. I should prefer to dream on."

"I should prefer to dream never!" he cried passionately. "I see the fires of hell about me in my sleep, and mocking fiends and horrible despair; and so I go mad and rave! Don't I rave?"

"At times, awfully!"

"What do I rave about?"

"Oh, all kinds of things; but generally of battles, murder, sudden death, and ——"

"Go on," he said, as I paused.

"And—Katie," I concluded.

He pulled himself into a half-sitting posture by means of the stout cord hanging above his head, and glared at me with fierce eyes. Then he sank back prostrate once more.

"I do not know any woman of the name of Katie," he said. "What are you driving at?"

"I am not driving at anything. I am simply answering your question."

"You will not have any more to answer," he said gruffly. "Go on with your Australian news and let me be."

"I shall not be long with this newspaper," I said. "Nurse shall give it to you when she comes in again."

"I don't want to see it."

"Oh, very well!"

"Do you think that everybody is as interested in your Melbourne as you are?"

"No; but—— Oh, here's that old murder and jewel robbery affair to the front again! Another arrest!"

"What case is that?"

"Burnand's case, in Capitol street, West Melbourne—the jeweler who was murdered. It got into the English papers—don't you remember?"

"There are enough murders in this benighted country without my looking up records of Australian crime to amuse myself with," he said. "Ten to one they haven't got the right man—these wonderful police blunderers!"

"It appears to be a woman this time."

"What?"

"A woman has been arrested—one Katherine Edmiston—and the missing jewelry has been found in her possession."

"Why was it not telegraphed to the London papers weeks ago, I wonder?" he said. "Such glorious news, too!"

"Perhaps it has been——"

"No," he interrupted—"it hasn't. We should have seen it."

"Perhaps it was not considered of sufficient importance. We have enough of murders of our own, as you say; and this was a commonplace affair enough."

"What makes you so interested in it, then?" he asked snappishly "What are you worrying about it for?"

"I am not worrying," I replied. "It is no business of mine."

"You speak as if it were," he said.

We did not exchange further remarks just then. He soon closed his eyes, and presently was sleeping soundly, or feigning sleep, and I was left to the consideration of the murder case and of Australian news in general.

There was not a great deal concerning the murder, after all. It was an old subject, and there had been many arrests before this, and without any result, save the subsequent release of various prisoners without a stain upon their characters.

There was, however, a new feature of interest in the arrest of Katharine Edmiston, wife of a young fellow who had been in the mounted constabulary, and who, it was rumored, had gone away on business to Queensland.

It was supposed that this was a false report, to account for the absence of the husband, who, it was suspected, was the prime mover in the burglary, and possibly the murderer of the jeweler. At any rate, urgent inquiries were being made for this Edmiston in the big Australian cities and inland towns.

It was said that he was still in the colony; and indeed there were people who were ready to swear to having seen him only a week or two before. At all events, suspicion pointed in this direction, and Melbourne was alert and busy over a new clue.

The woman had confessed nothing, and accounted for the possession of the jewelry by saying that her husband was holding it in trust for the debt of a spendthrift friend of his, Pculson by name. That was all she would say.

Had her husband been in any way connected with the robbery, surely he would not have left the jewelry with her, but would have taken it away with him; and still more surely he would not purpose returning to Melbourne in a few weeks, as he would do—as she was sure he would—in order to explain everything satisfactorily.

She did not know his present address; he was a traveler, and went from town to town. The firm by whom he was employed might have the latest news of him; but the firm, when questioned, only knew that Mr. Edmiston had left its service altogether. Mrs. Edmiston was surprised at this information; her husband, doubtless for wise reasons of his own, and possibly to spare her anxiety, had not told her of the fact.

This was the story so far as it went. It had set me thinking; it had stirred my imaginative faculties. It had associated this missing Frank Edmiston with the man lying in bed in the opposite corner of my room.

In another part of the newspaper—among the advertisements—I came by chance upon a description of the missing man, prefaced by the offer of a reward for his apprehension. The sketch descriptive of the supposed criminal fitted the man yonder—so much so that my blood ran cold as I thought of how close I might be lying to a murderer.

Linford was very reticent for the rest of the day, answering me only in monosyllables when I spoke to him.

He did not ask for the Australian newspaper, which lay on my coverlet all day. I let it lie there, being curious to see if he would ask for it; but he did not. Towards evening he read a book of his own, and was very self-possessed, and was almost incline i to jest with his doctor and nurse.

"I shall be free of this place long before the time you give me, doctor," he said, laughing. "I am twice as strong as any of you imagine!"

"You are getting on well now," was the reply. "Time and patience, remember!"

"Ah, I'm not a patient subject!" he said.

At ten o'clock that night we were both asleep. At twelve o'clock the nurse awoke me, noiseless as her footsteps were, by coming into the room according to her usual custom to make sure that all was well with both of us. There was a little jet of gas burning from a swing-branch over the mantelpiece, and by this light she saw that I was not asleep.

"You are wakeful! You do not sleep so soundly as he," she said.

"As a rule, I do; but I do not dream as hard."

She smiled, and passed across the room to survey Linfold keenly for a moment. Her presence seemed to affect him in his sleep, for he murmured:

"Katie—I am so sorry, Katie—so dreadfully sorry—for your trouble!"

The nurse withdrew and closed the door; but before she went from the room she turned suddenly, looked towards me, and put her fingers to her lips.

It was an ordinary signal not to disturb the sleeping man by the slightest noise, so that he might drift into a deeper, less disturbed slumber; but it impressed me very strangely that night. I was more imaginative than usual. I took it, for a moment, as a warning that I was to be on my guard against him.

A few minutes later I was smiling to myself at my fancy, for my own lapses of folly were often an amusing subject to me. Two men tied to their beds, prostrate, helpless, half inanimate, and wary of each other! The whole thing was preposterous, and I dozed off, smiling at the absurdity.

When I woke again, I was very much astonished—nay, I was aghast with astonishment. Linfold was lying wide awake in his bed, reading my Australian newspaper.

The gas jet over the mantelpiece had been turned up, and he was holding the paper in such away that the full light should fall upon it. I could see that his hands were shaking as he read. I lost my presence of mind for the moment, and blurted out:

"How on earth did you get hold of that paper, Linford?"

The newspaper was laid down, and the man looked across at me.

"I couldn't sleep. I wanted to read—anything. Even this wretched paper would do."

"Yes; but how did you get it?"

"Nurse Alice gave it to me."

"No; I was awake when she came in."

"The first time, I suppose. She gave it to me half an hour ago. I asked her to pass it to me."

"Strange!"

"Don't you believe me? Do you think I am a conjurer, or what?" he cried angrily. "Or have I willed your trashy paper to fly across to me?"

"I only say it is strange."

"What is strange?" he demanded.

"That you should want to read my Australian paper—the paper you especially dislike—in the middle of the night."

"Oh, that's strange, is it?"

"Yes—very strange to me."

"Why?"

"There must be some news in it in which you are particularly interested."

"You think so?"

"I think it is not unlikely."

"You are a fool," he exclaimed—"a prying, ignorant, meddling fool—and I have always thought so! What news could especially interest me?"

"Maybe the murder of the old man who came down to look after his goods and was robbed of his life as well—why not?"

I meant this for a sort of test question, to make sure; but I was not prepared for my own success. The newspaper dropped from his hand and slipped off the bedclothes to the floor, and the man looked dying as he lay, so gray a hue had his face assumed.

"Are you in the police? Is all this a—a plant?" he gasped.

"I am not in the police."

"You suspect me—actually me—of murder?"

"I do not say so."

"But you do?"

"I have not had time to consider the matter at all," I replied evasively.

"You are a dangerous man," he said in a low tone, almost in a whisper, to himself—"most dangerous—very!"

Linford said no more, but lay breathing heavily. The lids closed over the dark eyes, and, after a while, I thought he was asleep. Matters had swiftly approached a crisis, and I wondered how we should get on together for the rest of the time we should be forced to share a room in the ward of St. Augustine's.

What would the morrow bring forth, or the day after to-morrow? An explanation that might clear up every doubt, or a confirmation of one's worst suspicions?

I dropped off to sleep at last, thinking of all this. It had been upon my mind, for some inexplicable reason, to be extra-watchful; but nature gave way. I was very weak.

The figure of Nurse Alice, with her finger upon her lips, flitted before me like a vision in the dreamland to which I had gone—a vision without the power to awaken or to help me.

Then suddenly I was wide awake, and lay for a moment wondering why the gas was out and I was lying there in darkness, until a second thought suggested that there was a necessity for me to be on my guard—that there was danger close at hand—that all was not as it should be in St. Augustine's.

I lay and listened for the breathing of the man in the other bed. I fancied I could hear him, then I fancied I could not, and then that he was holding his breath lest I should hear.

How had the gas been put out, and by whose hand? Had Linfold contrived to leave his bed, as he had probably done some time before in order to obtain possession of the newspaper?

Had he left his bed again; and was he in the room somewhere in the dark? And why? Was I really "dangerous" to him as one who had discovered his secret, and who might bring him and Katie—his Katie—to justice? Was it worth the risk to——

I held my breath in my turn. Something or somebody was scuffling slowly across the floor towards me; it was as if some one was dragging a dead weight with him, just as I might have done had I had the nerve or the rashness to slide from my bed to the floor and then crawl towards the door or the window.

"Linfold!" I could not help exclaiming in sharp ringing tones.

There was no answer, but I could hear the man's breathing now very close to me—and a hard and awful dog-like panting it was.

I stretched out my hand towards the bell-rope, and it came in contact with Linford's head. He was drawing himself up with great difficulty by the side of my bed. He was now quite close to me, his hands between me and the bell-rope—his hot breath was on my face.

"You shall not tell!" was hissed in my ears, and I struck out wildly at him in the dark. I was conscious of a weight upon me, of hands at my throat, of suffocation—then I remembered no more. All was blank.

When I came to myself, there were half a dozen men and women in the room, and the gas was again burning brightly. Faces, anxious faces, were bending over me, and on the opposite bed lay a figure that was very still, its face covered with a white sheet.

"Linfold!" I gasped. "Is he——"

"Yes—dead, poor fellow—carried off in delirium. We found him out of bed, lying upon the floor."

They did not offer any further explanation then, or perhaps thought it unsafe to tell me the facts. They did not think I knew what had happened; but I knew more than any of them, and kept the secret to myself long after I had left the hospital.

I know not why. Perhaps for the sake of that man's wife—perhaps for his own sake—for the sake of one who had gone red-handed to his Maker. I do not know for certain even now.

ABOUT EARRINGS.—Earrings have been worn from time immemorial. Ancient writers make frequent mention of these decorations, and state that in early days they were worn by both sexes.

Among the ancient oriental nations, with the exception of the Hebrews, men and women wore them, the latter considering that they should be reserved for the sole use of the gentler sex.

Homer makes mention of this method of adornment in his descriptions of statues representing several of the mythological deities, and Juvenal is authority for the statement that they were worn by all the males residing in the Euphrates provinces.

Ladies and waiting maids among the ancient Greeks and Romans wore plain hoops of gold or silver in their ears, and as time progressed these became more elaborate, precious gems being set in them.

Many Roman matrons possessed earrings of the most costly and gorgeous description, the settings being worth hundreds of dollars. One of the most fashionable patterns affected by those of rank and wealth was modelled in the form of an asp, with a golden body shaded with gems of the first water.

Earrings that bore the miniatures of the dear friends or relatives of the wearer were quite fashionable at a very early day, and in many cases they were attached in the form of pendants.

In ancient Egypt and India those made in imitation of the lotus or Bengal rose were sought after in preference to all other designs.

Among civilized nations the wearing of earrings by men has been by no means uncommon, as it has been shown that in early days some of the most distinguished courtiers bedecked their ears with very costly specimens.

Shakespeare is said to have worn them, and Charles I. is reputed to have been the owner of a magnificent pair of pearl earrings which he bequeathed to his daughter the day before he was executed.

In the South Sea Islands the females and males alike adopt this style of personal adornment, and even in the wilds of Africa they were worn by the untutored savages of both sexes.

No favoritism should be shown in families. Herein lies the source of many of the quarrels, jealousies, and hatreds that mar family life. Of all the injustices practiced on suffering childhood, favoritism is one of the gravest.

Scientific and Useful.

TO DRILL HOLES IN GLASS.—A scientific authority states that holes can be easily drilled in glass with an ordinary drill, if the spot is moistened with a few drops of a mixture composed of twenty-five parts of oxalic acid in twelve parts of turpentine. Keep tightly corked.

BOOTS.—Cod-liver-oil and bees'-wax make an excellent application for boots. The preparation is easily made by putting small pieces of bees'-wax into a shallow tin, pouring a little oil over it and putting it into a warm oven till it gets to be of about the consistence of thick cream.

DRAINAGE.—It is said that silverware furnishes one of the most reliable means of detecting defective drainage. If it is covered with a black coating or tarnish soon after being cleaned, and after a second or third cleaning again becomes darkened, one may be certain that there is something wrong with the drainage system of the house.

COAL SUPPLIED BY PIPES.—A New Yorker claims that coal can be piped to any desired point as easily as oil, and very economically. He has demonstrated by an experimental line, that the coal can be crushed at a slight expense, and carried in water through the mains. He says that the cost of delivering to mills and other consumers will be much less than at present. One objection, however, might be the difficulty of burning this wet coal dust.

Farm and Garden.

THE BIT.—On a cold day, when a horse's bits are full of frost, always warm them thoroughly before placing them in the mouth. Not to do this is very cruel. Apply your tongue, or even a wet finger to a very cold piece of iron, and you can appreciate the importance of this hint. It may be a little trouble to do it, but it should be done. The frost may be taken out conveniently by placing the bits in water.

EGG PRESERVATION.—Among the many contrivances for the preservation of eggs, the following is one of English invention: The fresh eggs to be preserved are first washed in milk of lime to remove any surface dirt or grease, and also to destroy the ferments which exist in the porosity of the shell. The eggs are then coated with a thin film of gelatine, by immersing them in a solution of that material. The gelatine used should be free from bad odor or taste, and should preferably be colorless, so as to preserve the whiteness of the shells. It is claimed that eggs thus prepared may be preserved absolutely unchanged for a year or more.

A few years ago I had a severe attack of Pneumonia. I continued to grow worse, until at last THE DOCTORS GAVE ME UP TO DIE. I then commenced taking Jayne's Expectorant and improved steadily under this medicine until I was completely cured.—JONATHAN REEVES, Hutchins, Tex., Nov. 6, 1890.

If You are Ambitious

To Go to College
Study Music
Learn Painting
Cultivate Your Voice

If You Need Money

For any kind of an education, anywhere, at any time, write to us about it. We can help you very quickly. We are glad to pay your way.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 625 ARCH ST.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 9, 1897.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year $2.00
2 Copies One Year 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postoffice money order, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

In the Evening.

Certain hours of the day at certain seasons of the year have their peculiar charm; and by that perfect harmony which Nature shows in her laws these hours seem to coincide with the seasons themselves. A spring morning, a summer afternoon, an autumn sunset, a winter evening—how naturally they seem to fall into their places, as moments altogether attuned to one or the other of our emotions! Each one of them is a period for the awakening of a particular sentiment.

The spring morning brings with it the careless frivolous happiness, when both the world and ourselves seem to be rejuvenated and filled with an energy which has no other aim than to be joyous and effervescent. The summer afternoon is the time when we give ourselves up to the pleasures of indolence, knowing only the fascination of the present hot lazy moment, looking neither before nor behind, enjoying the cat-like satisfaction of basking in the rays of the sun. With the autumn sunset our sentiments become tenderer. More poetry enters into our being, and our emotions become tempered by thought. It is a time for both looking back and peering forward, and, if we are far enough removed from mere commercialism to catch the spirit of the occasion, we seem to begin to understand, or fancy we understand, a little of the meaning of life.

But, varying as are the moods engendered by the first three seasons of the year, they differ from each other no less than they differ from those produced by a winter evening. You cannot say this is best or that is best, for each is good in its turn, and attracts while the other is distant. But, as the evenings begin to "close in" and the light is lit early, and the chilliness of the atmosphere, presaging the frosts that are soon to be, gives an excuse for setting a match to the wood or coal that are ready laid in the grate, we begin to realize that winter is a more welcome guest than we thought it a few months ago, since it brings in its train the charm of the evening, which is never so inviting as at that time of the year.

Regarded from the standpoint of mere physical comfort, which is often the prelude to mental comfort, we are seldom, taking the year all round, more contented than on a winter evening. In saying this we imply that the times are seasonable, for unseasonableness at any period of the year puts us sadly out of joint. But, if the air be dry and keen with that sharp clear cold which intuses us with a feeling of fitness peculiar to the winter months, there is no satisfaction greater than to come home from a day's work and to draw up to the fire to make a night of it. Just a touch of physical weariness added to mental alertness acts as a sauce to a pleasant evening. You may sit and read and think and ponder till you lose all sight of the dark realities of life and see only the cosy fireside. Or a friend or friends may drop in to see you, and you may sit talking "Do you remembers" or plans for the future, and be filled with enthusiastic contentiment. The feeling of restlessness that pursues those of a nervous temperament at other times seems to disappear now. There is nothing to call you away from your pleasant situation, there is no halting of opinion as to what to do. It is recreation in its most alluring form, and one revels in it.

Dwellers in country places or in the suburbs are perhaps more capable of fully enjoying the winter evening than those who live in cities or the large towns. For it is the individual mind which adds greatly to the zest of the moment, and in the big cities there is often the temptation of a night at home. There are the theatres, the concerts, and the lectures, to which sometimes one feels called almost as much as a matter of duty as of pleasure. There are many people who feel that they must not miss a play or a singer, not so much because of the enjoyment they will experience in seeing the one or hearing the other as because of the force of habit which will not allow them to leave a blank in their programme, just as a conscientious diarist will fill his page each night though there is nothing to record.

Still there is always pleasure in variety, and the night out certainly gives zest to the evening at the fireside. In theory these fireside evenings may seem to suggest monotony; but in practice there is endless variety. For we do not confine you to the chair, or to books, or to conversation. Yet how can any one who has in a small degree studied the art of conversation contend that there is monotony in chatting? Choose but your company well, and you may talk and talk the night through without a feeling of weariness. The minds must be very shallow that exhaust themselves in conversation. It is wonderful how never-ending the stream appears to be. You need not change your companions hourly in order to keep up a spirited interchange of thought. You need not be either philosopher, or historian, or traveler to be able to rattle on and on in conversation that does not become stale or unprofitable. How endless, for example, is the story of one's own affairs, and how far from boring if so be that each party is a listener as well as a talker, and knows how to take as well as give!

We dwell rather on the conversational side of a winter evening, because we believe that there is no other side which has such lasting and satisfying charms. Indeed a book or a good paper or a talkative companion may be regarded as the stock-in-trade of a man who loves his evening and knows how to enjoy it. And how delightful it is for the married man, who has the instincts of domesticity, as the really happily-married man must have, to go home and pour out his experiences and plans into his wife's sympathetic ear, and listen to hers in return! How many splendid evenings have been spent in letting oneself go in castle-building and fortune-making in the air!

But there is also the large social side of the winter evening—the parties, dances, and "At homes," where, if one has a taste for crowds, one may revel in more varied company, in music, in romps, or in the dance. These occasions are generally more welcome in the bachelor and spinster days, when one is wooing or thinking of wooing or being wooed, and the crowd of a large assembly gives the opportunity of carrying out a plan of campaign almost unobserved. Many hours eagerly looked forward to have been pleasantly spent in such pursuits under the genial influence of a winter evening; and many hours has one enjoyed in listening to the strains of a voice which falls delightfully on special ears, quite apart from the merits of the performance.

The whole secret of the fascination of a winter evening seems to lie in this—that for the time being we build up a world of our own. One has often imagined, no doubt, the delights of a colony of picked friends, where none might enter uninvited. Well, on a winter evening you may often have this idea realized for a few hours. You may shut off all that part of the world that does not please you. Your little room or your large saloon may be, nay, is for the moment the world which you may people as you like. Whether it be with the companionable loneliness of your own thoughts with your wife and children, with a chosen book, with a single companion, or with a score of friends, you may have a little world of your own, a garden of Eden where no care enters, a planet regulated to your liking. All other times, in spite of their undoubted attractions, are less free from intrusion. But when the curtains are drawn and the light is lit, you may have your own world to revel in—the world that of which it's wise to make the most if one would appreciate to the full the pleasures of home.

EVERY encouragement should be given children to think. Thought stimulates thought, and each living idea put before children in the home circle, at table, or elsewhere has its value in this direction. Encouragement to hold fast to an idea till it is disproven is another step in this form of education. The mere circumstance that some one does not agree with it proves nothing. Nor does it follow that the disagreement of an older person is to be accepted as final. Before an idea or opinion is abandoned it should be satisfactorily seen to be wrong. The moment one accepts or abandons a thought or opinion because of another's simply asserting the opposite is the beginning of error.

Too great stress cannot be laid upon the importance of thinking before acting. The rash and impetuous man, who rushes headlong upon whatever his impulses suggest, without pausing to listen to the voice of reason, is destined to repeated failures, and may not hope to retrieve them until he changes his mental habits. Yet, if it is fatal to success to act without thinking, it is equally so to think without acting; and this is a danger less frequently pointed out.

IN any work that is worth carefully reading there is generally something that is worth remembering accurately. A man whose mind is enriched with the best sayings of his own country is a more independent man, walks the streets in a town or the lanes in the country with far more delight than he otherwise would have done, and is taught by wise observers of man and nature to examine for himself.

WHEN faith and hope fail, as they do sometimes, we must try charity, which is love in action. We must speculate no more on our duty, but simply do it.

EVERY sorrow which adds a single virtue to our character is worth enduring; and every pleasure which fails to do this is wasted.

Correspondence.

V. W.—Even in a violent storm waves fifty-five feet high are rare, and those of forty feet are exceptional. With an ordinary breeze the height of waves is from four feet to six feet.

ELFRIC.—When England and Scotland were at war blood-hounds or sleuth hounds, as they are called from the Scotch word sleuth, meaning the track or trail of a deer, were much used in chasing cattle stealers and other thieves on the border. The true blood-hound has long hanging ears, while others that are so called have pointed stand-up ears, as in the mastiff and the bull-dog.

L. V. R.—James Fennimore Cooper, the novelist, acquired his knowledge of the sea, nautical terms, etc., while he was in the United States navy, where he obtained the rank of lieutenant. "The Pilot," the first of his romances of sea life, was prompted, it is said, by the inaccuracies in the nautical incidents and descriptions of Scott's "Pirate," which had been recently published.

G. L. R.—Chartreuse is the name of various Carthusian monasteries in France and Italy. The most famous one is in France, and is the residence of the general of the Carthusian order. The inmates derive a handsome profit from the manufacture of the famous liqueur which is distilled from aromatic herbs, and which bears the name of the monastery (Chartreuse), which is also the name of the neighboring hamlet.

AMARYLLIS.—Milton started that idea. In "Paradise Lost" he makes Adam say to the sleeping Eve:—

"Awake,
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!"

Other authors have used the same idea in different ways, and expressed it in nearly the same language.

K. R. B.—William Banting, the author of a pamphlet on corpulence, was a London merchant. He was born in 1797, and died in 1871. Under the guidance of William Harvey, a London surgeon, his weight was reduced from 202 lbs. on August 26, 1862, to 156 lbs. on September 12, 1863, and to 150 lbs. in April, 1864, which latter weight he regarded as appropriate to his age and stature five feet five inches. He abstained from all farinaceous, saccharine, or oily matter, and especially avoided the use of bread, pastry, potatoes, butter and milk.

R. D.—We cannot take up the question of the origin of evil. It would prove contentious and profitless. Most men have too short views to see the reason of a question of that kind. May it not be that evil, while being evil for the moment, is not evil finally, and that the Creator of all things will eventually see them to be very good, as at first? If the rusty knife could speak, it might call the grindstone evil while the sharpening went on. The knife cutting the ulcer seems a momentary evil, but is not; and the ulcer may clear the blood. It may be that in the end, terrible as evil seems, the race, looking back, may know it was best to have it so.

M. A. F.—You ask us for an impossibility. We cannot introduce you to some solid yet light reading in German. Writing in that style is not a characteristic of German literature. Your German is desperately in earnest when he takes pen in hand; he chases facts with dogged determination, and revels in accumulated proofs of theories. His method does not admit of light reading. The rover over literature will find that literary charm in German lies only in cases. Far be it from us to depreciate the value of German scholarship—the world is deeply in debt to it; but the combination of solid worth with brightness does not make up any appreciable part of the debt.

FOLLY.—You are evidently oppressed by the sense of your own deficiencies and your lover's superiority, and so grow nervous and tongue-tied and sink into uneasy silence. If you cannot overcome this difficulty, you have a sad prospect of being ill-mated. The talk which is as the crackling of thorns under a pot does not serve in married life. We do not believe in unequal marriages. Riches are an accident—they come and go, and make small difference to sensible people; but "incompatibility of mind and temper," as Dickens expressed it, is fatal. Unless you can rise somewhere near the mental level of your lover—at any rate, to the extent of being able to find common topics for conversation—the union with him is not likely to bring satisfaction to either of you.

LINNIE.—The weaving of wicker-work is one of the oldest arts known to man. Baskets made before the Christian era have been found in Egyptian tombs, and the ancient Assyrians, who were remarkably expert in this kind of work, made boats of it for use on the Tigris River, and even at the present day they may be seen in Eastern countries. They are merely flat-bottomed baskets, made water-tight by a coat of asphalt, smeared about one inch thick on the inside and outside. Some of these conveyances are large enough to accommodate twenty people, and are often used in transporting cattle, camels, etc., across rivers. Many kinds of twigs and splints are now used in making baskets, but willow-shoots are in the greatest demand. Ash, elm and birch-shoots, rushes and rattan, are among the other articles employed for this purpose.

IF I HAD KNOWN!

BY L. B.

If I had known when last we lightly parted
That during life our hands would clasp no more—
That each who said farewell so cheerful-hearted
Would find the grief the future held in store—

How many things of wrong interpretation
Would from them then their veiling masks have flung!
How would the words that offered explanation
Have crowded quickly to my anxious tongue!

If I had known how deeds the benefited
Through coming years their brightness would retain—
That torturing thoughts of kindly acts omitted
Some day forgetfulness would ask in vain—

How careful had I been the work to lighten
With willing heart, that duty found to do—
To seek through kindness some dark hours to brighten,
And grant a charity I needed, too!

But past omission mocks a vain endeavor;
The time neglected to regret extends;
And oft the opportunity forever
Has fled when penitence would make amends!

Alas, what bitter memories thought must borrow
That mourns each chance of reparation flown!
How much of future yearning and of sorrow
Lie in those words: If I had only known!

Countess Clara.

BY C. W. W.

IT was one morning in last October that my wife, with a rather overdone air of indifference, tossed a large gold-lettered card across the breakfast table to me.

In it, with some surprise and, I do not deny, considerable gratification, I found that the pleasure of my company and that of Mrs. Conyers at dinner was requested by our new neighbors at Castle Beauvoir.

We had called on the Morels soon after their arrival, and they had returned the visit with flattering promptitude; but I had no reason to suppose that our acquaintance had advanced to such a point of intimacy as to warrant an invitation to so special an affair as this.

We, in common with half the county round, had been bidden to an At Home at the castle, on the occasion of the heiress' coming of age, but the dinner party that preceded it was understood to include only the house party and some very distinguished guests.

"Why should they have asked us, Nellie?" I demanded, speculating on the possibility of Mr. Morel having known my brother at Oxford, or met my uncle, the attache, at Vienna.

It was too much to hope that a newcomer—a man from the city—should be aware of our connection with one of the oldest families in the county——

I broke off my conjectures abruptly. Nellie was not paying the slightest attention, but was gazing intently at her own absurd reflection in the silver coffee-pot, her brow wrinkled in deep calculation.

"Velvet really is cheaper than satin in the long run—or good velveteen—you would never know the difference, and Liberty's art shades are too lovely! I must send for patterns. What were you saying, dear? I beg your pardon—the invitation?

"Oh, that's Miss Morel's doing, of course; one can see that she decides everything. She took an immense fancy to you, I could see; in fact, she told me so. You look 'so strong and capable,' she whispered, in her queer, shy little way."

"Much obliged. I hope the rest of the family may share that opinion when they require medical attendance. I wonder if Dr. Grimshaw is invited?"

"Only to the At Home. Mrs. Grimshaw will be so savage when she hears we are to dine there, but neither of you will ever be wanted professionally. Miss Morel has been under Sir Humphrey Driver's care since she was a baby. He doesn't seem to have done her much good; she is terribly frail and delicate."

"Spoilt, like most only children. Wants more fresh air and less coddling. I should stop her tea and carriage exercise, put her on a pony, and send her errands about the country lanes, give her a glass of port wine and a cut of mutton, not too much done, for luncheon."

"Charles! You are simply brutal. However, I wish they would consult you about her. It would be some compensation for the trial to one's feelings of seeing all these strangers here in the place of the poor dear de Beauvoirs."

"We might have waited long enough for an invitation to dinner from the poor dear de Beauvoirs," I commented.

"Perhaps. But one feels for an old family scattered and effaced. The Morels can never be the same to the county."

"I sincerely hope not. The county is to be congratulated on the exchange. The Morels live sober and religious lives—pay their bills, and will subscribe to the Dispensary."

"Money! Money! The first thing and the last in men's minds always," sighed my wife, putting me in the wrong as usual, and we dropped the subject.

When Sir Ralph de Beauvoir of Castle Beauvoir immediately on the death of his father announced his intention of selling the estate that had been in the family for more than five centuries and spending the rest of his days in the more congenial atmosphere of Paris, the county in general and the village of Shotacre in particular, felt as if the floodgates of society had indeed burst open.

The de Beauvoirs had been for generations "bankrupt in purse and in character worse," better known than respected on the turf, bad landlords, bad neighbors, bad citizens, and alternately fool and blackguard for the last few generations, but they were de Beauvoirs of Beauvoirs, a name of splendid traditions, and their glorious past cast a halo that bedazzled the critics of their ignoble present.

Shotacre refused to be consoled, and glowered askance at the Morels, the wealthy banker and his family who had the audacity to come and live in the very place which they had paid for.

Even my wife indulged in more than one sigh to the memory of the departed de Beauvoirs as we drove up the long ascent to the Castle on the night of the heiress' birthday.

We crossed the mighty drawbridge and entered the Castle court under the threatening teeth of the portcullis. All was silent and empty. Ours were the only wheels that had furrowed the smooth-swept yellow gravel.

"Have we mistaken the time?" Nellie asked in trepidation.

"Or the day?" I added, fumbling for the invitation card.

The front door was flung open, and a glow of hospitable light issued, in which I made out the date to be correct, and the hour clanged from the clock tower overhead as we entered.

A change indeed from the de Beauvoirs' time. Dust, must, rust and cobwebs had disappeared from the great hall. The old, faded, flapping tapestries had been cleaned and properly mounted, the matchless oak carvings of the staircase carefully restored; there were Oriental rugs underfoot, trophies of arms and antlers on the wall, piles of hothouse flowers and palms in every corner, while the range of mail-clad figures that had skulked rusty and cobwebbed in their dark niches, now stood forth bravely, burnished and begilt, one mailed hand grasping sword or lance, the other holding aloft a torch blazing cheerily.

We ascended the staircase in admiring silence. It ended in a vast saloon or ante-chamber, from which the drawing-room opened at one end and the picture-gallery at the other.

It was sparsely furnished with hangings and divans of yellow satin, and some handsome marquetrie cabinets containing rare china. Portraits of the de Beauvoirs had overflowed from the picture galleries on to its walls, and before one of them I saw a little white figure standing in rapt attention.

It was Miss Morel, looking more than ever like a frail little white moth, as she flitted towards us in her gauzy dress with a subdued sheen of satin and sparkle of diamonds about her.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you," she cried in her musical, half-hushed little voice. "That is, if you will excuse the mistake which I see has been made in your invitation. They are all to be re-written at the last moment. My godfather could not be here in time. I was in such a hurry to send off yours that I have been afraid since that it went before the correction was made. Will you forgive me?"

We made the necessary polite assurances, and she went on, half-eager, half-shy.

"I am so glad to have you all to myself for a little. No one knows you are here but me. Will you come and see the conservatories?"

She took my wife's hand in childish fashion, and led her through one of the French windows into a sort of wide glass passage, full of exotics, ending in a great palace of flowers that had been niched into an angle of the inner court or tilt-yard.

"Do you know where you are?" she asked. "The old refectory is under us. Mother must have her flowers; they are her one great pleasure, but we have spoilt the place as little as we could. Everything can be cleared away without leaving a trace."

I wondered why she should say this, and at her tone of apology, but Nellie understood her better.

"I think your conservatories harmonize admirably with the rest of the building. You see, the great old pile has been growing by additions in every generation, and a nineteenth century de Beauvoir would have had as much right to make himself at home in it as a fifteenth century one had to the great hall, or the de Beauvoir who served under Marlborough to your Queen Anne drawing-room."

She looked pleased, and when we had made the round of the orchids and the mighty chrysanthemums, brought us to her favorite seat, in a nook at the far end, under some spreading palms. Below us lay the wide expanse of the tilt-yard, still in shadow and just opposite the dark mass of the ruined chapel.

Through one great fragment, pierced by an exquisitely-proportioned and still perfect archway we could see the interior, with its splintered columns and moss-grown monuments.

"The moon will be high enough presently to light the chancel," Miss Morel whispered. "Is it not all sad? I sit here and dream of resorting it—it I had but the right. I have made out the inscriptions on some of the tombs: they are all dead-and-gone de Beauvoirs. Sir Ralph said we might turn it into a billiard-room! Did he mean to insult us? Does he think that because we are not noble we have no sense of decency?"

"I should imagine that Sir Ralph spoke in pure good faith. The memories of his forefathers never appealed to him very powerfully."

"Ah! is that possible?" she cried excitedly. "Such a history! Such a past! Why, it should be almost a religion to the descendants. It must be to the worthy ones. If you knew what a miserable interloper I feel here! Our money has given us the advantage over them in their necessity——"

This was too great nonsense for even Nellie to stand.

"My dear, it was the gaming-table and the turf that brought the de Beauvoirs of this generation into their difficulties. It was uncommonly lucky that they had your money to fall back upon."

I took up the word. "The de Beauvoirs of old won their position by doing their duty bravely to their king and country. The de Beauvoirs of to-day have lost it by forgetting that they owe duty to anyone. Think of your tenants, for instance, and the blessing it will be to them that such a man as your father should be put in the place of that profligate spendthrift, Sir Ralph."

It was a new idea to her. Her face brightened. I went on:

"The Vicar looks ten years younger since someone has come to take half the burden of the parish wretchedness off his shoulders. Instead of cherishing a romantic regard for your predecessors' memory, Miss Morel, the best thing you can do is to turn and try to efface the mischief and misery they have caused here. A better work than even restoring the chapel."

Her eyes had looked earnestly into mine. Now they wavered, and a sort of cloud gathered over her face.

"I am wanted; I must not stay here," she whispered; and even while she spoke she rose and walked away hurriedly. We followed her into the drawing-room, where some of the guests staying in the house had already assembled.

Mrs. Morel, a comely, gray-haired lady, magnificently dressed, welcomed us warmly.

"I am so glad you have been making friends with Veronica. She is so shy, I cannot get her to be sociable with anyone except Countess Clara and some of the old women in the village."

Miss Morel had left us and gone to the other end of the long room, where a lady with lovely fair hair and a ruby velvet gown was sitting in a low chair near the fire, surrounded by nearly all the gentlemen of the party. Miss Morel stood before her like a little school-girl called up for a lesson.

"Yes, that is Countess Clara," Mrs Morel said, following the direction of my eyes. "I never call her anything else, because they all laugh so when I try to pronounce her other name. She is Austrian or Hungarian, or something of the sort.

"When we went to Ischl last summer, while this place was being made habitable, Veronica took a most extraordinary fancy to her, followed her about like a little dog, and wouldn't be happy till we invited her here. I'll introduce her presently. You'll like her."

Here Mr. Morel came up, a bright-eyed grey-haired man, with a pointed beard and rather distinguished air. He briefly made us welcome and held out a note to his wife.

"What is it, dear? I haven't my glasses," she said. "From the Twysden-Browns? An answer at last?"

"A refusal; at the last minute, and with no excuse," he replied grimly.

I knew the family in question, and made no doubt they were merely passing on to the Morels some of the slights and snubs which Sir Ralph was wont freely to bestow on them.

"Well, it's their loss," said Mrs. Morel cheerfully and forgivingly. "And it's all for the best. The Bishop has brought his chaplain, and we should have been rather crowded."

Then guess after guest was announced in quick succession, including, as Nellie observed, with a spiteful joy, people whom the Twysden-Browns would have given half a year's income to be friendly with.

I found myself placed at dinner between the vacant chair that should have held Mrs. Twysden-Brown and a handsome, speechless lady with a fine appetite, who left me at leisure to look about me and contrast the splendors of my present entertainment with the squalid repast of cold, broken meat that was set before me after a night's attendance on Sir Ralph in the clutches of delirium tremens, the only meal I had ever partaken of under the de Beauvoirs' roof.

Miss Morel sat directly opposite me, looking very bright and pretty. Her health was duly proposed by her godfather, a foreign nobleman with a red ribbon in his button hole, and her neighbor, the Bishop, replied for her with much courtly clerical gallantry.

She was laughing and prompting him, when I saw her stop suddenly. Her lips apart, her eyes wavering, and the same cloudy look that I had seen before gathering over her face.

Her eyes passed over me without seeing me, and then fixed themselves on the vacant chair beside me, dilating with horror. Her hands clutched the edge of the table, her breath seemed to fail. Would she faint or shriek? The Bishop's witticisms were convulsing the table; his portly form screened her from observation.

No one saw her but I. What could it be? I fixed my eyes on hers, as if I could read the reflection in her face. She must, she should withdraw her gaze and meet mine. I willed it desperately, imperiously.

A mist gathered round us, the room, the brilliant lights and flowers, the laughing faces, all disappeared, everything but Miss Morel's strained horror-struck dark eyes. Slowly, reluctantly, they flickered aside from the point on which they were fixed—they turned and met mine.

I drew a long breath of relief. Lights, flowers, faces righted themselves; the butler at my elbow was proffering some unknown vintage, and Miss Morel, rather pale, but smiling, was leaning back in her chair, softly swaying her plumy fan as the Bishop resected himself.

It was a curious half-minute's experience. I had no time left for wonderment, however. As the ladies rose and left us, a note was brought to me; I groaned as I recognized it. Did I ever dine out or was I ever called in to an urgent case without one of old Mrs. Wilkinson's bad attacks coming on? They would kill her eventually, I knew; and she had been a good friend to me; so I was bound to go, and turned out into the night resignedly.

As I expected, it proved merely a fit of nerves this time, which subsided as soon as I was found to be within call, and I made such good speed back to the castle that I arrived with the last detachment of guests pouring in for the At Home.

The band in the picture gallery was playing the concluding bars of the second dance of the programme, and a celebrated "Society Cloran" was about to commence his entertainment in the library, whither the company was flocking as I ascended the staircase.

The music seemed to break off confusedly as I gained the landing; there was a rush of footsteps, a woman's

scream, a fall. I forced my way in the direction and found Mrs. Morel in the doorway of the picture gallery on her knees beside her daughter, who lay white and insensible in my wife's arms, while her partner, a tall young man with an eye-glass, stood near looking wholly disconcerted and uncomfortable.

"She's dead! she's dead! Oh, fetch Sir Humphrey, someone," Mrs. Morel was beginning to shriek; but Nellie, who has always her wits about her, stopped her. "She's all right, she really is; don't frighten Mr. Morel for nothing." She put the girl into my arms and picked up the poor lady with scant ceremony.

"Just go first and show the way to Miss Morel's room; and, Sir Edward, please start the dancing again."

Off went the youth readily, and Nellie, who had been dexterously blocking the doorway and preventing the egress of any of the spectators, begged them to go on dancing. "Miss Morel was all right and in the doctor's hands."

I had fortunately not far to follow poor Mrs. Morel's faltering footsteps. The room was close at hand. I placed my burden on a couch and commenced to throw open the windows, directing Mrs. Morel to unloose the bodice of her dress and send for restoratives.

"Can I do anything to help?" asked a pleasant voice at the door. It was Countess Clara, and I welcomed the sight of her strong, capable face.

"Begging your pardon, part that lot my place, yess, indeed! Miss Morel's own nurse, sir, Gwen Williams."

Countess Clara stood still good-humoredly and let a little figure in black satin with a stupendous cap bustle past her, then, with a smile and a nod retreated.

Mrs. Williams pushed Mrs. Morel's fumbling fingers aside without ceremony and quickly unlaced the satin bodice with many a muttered exclamation. She ordered the good lady off despotically to fetch a certain bottle from the medicine chest, and when she was safely out of the way, looked sharply up at me with her beady black eyes. "What will it be, doctor?"

The truth blurted from my lips, "Upon my soul I cannot say."

It was not an ordinary faint, still less an hysteric sham. The pulse beat strong and regular in the slender white wrist, the breath came as in a deep sleep. Her brow was knit and her teeth set, the face was that of one beholding some terrible vision, and a short shuddering cry escaped her lips.

None of Mrs. Williams' efforts had roused her. I wished with all my heart Sir Humphrey had been summoned, and proposed to go for him.

"No, no!" the old woman cried energetically. "You are no wiser than he, but you are honest and civil, and maybe you will listen to old Gwen; you are not so grand."

"What do you know about it? Has it happened before?"

"Never in all her life till we came to this unlucky place. It's killing her, doctor, dear—yes, indeed!" The little woman indulged in an awful grimace to stop her falling tears, and with a sob and a sniff continued: "Just the brightest, merriest little child she was, white and whisht, but never sick till now."

"What do you say it is, then?" I asked with becoming humility, relieved to see the drawn features commence to relax, and a flicker of the eyelids.

"Hush! She's been overlooked—though dear knows how or when. I have searched to find a mark on her beautiful white skin, and I've combed her hair over and over lest it shall be the nine knots that they have made in it—or the dried frog's foot sewn into her skirts—or they have given it to her in her first drink of milk in the morning——"

"It. What?" But she only shook her head violently as the door opened and Mrs. Morel re-entered. Simultaneously her daughter sighed once or twice and unclosed her pretty dark eyes, drawing her hand across them like an awakened child.

"Why, Mammie, where am I? What has happened? Did you think I had fainted? I was only giddy. It was Lord Edward's waltzing; he goes round and round like a humming-top."

She looked quite bright and alert, and turned briskly to Mrs. Williams to have her dress adjusted. She had not noticed me, so putting my finger on my lips with a meaning look at Mrs. Morel, I slipped from the room.

I met Sir Humphrey on the staircase, told him just as much as I thought fit, and left the case in his hands.

I saw nothing more of Castle Beauvoir for some weeks after. My time was too fully taken up by my work. Poor old Mrs. Wilkinson died in real earnest at last, and it was a sickly season amongst my parish patients. Other business was on my hands as well.

There were local authorities to be stirred up to their duties, sanitary acts to put in force, tumble-down cottages to be made wind and water-proof before winter set in more sharply, typhoid nests to be routed out, unwholesome ponds drained and ditches cleaned; the neglect of three generations to be repaired on the de Beauvoir estate, a task that no one but Mr. Morel with his inexhaustible energy and ample resources could have undertaken light-heartedly.

The amount of work he got through was prodigious, and when the better sort amongst his tenants and neighbors began to understand and co-operate with him, the Vicar and I felt sure that there was indeed a good time coming for Shotacre at last.

Nellie paid the necessary visit of ceremony at the castle, and reported that all the guests had left. Miss Morel did not appear, and Mrs. Morel seemed low-spirited, could talk of nothing but her daughter's failing health, and her want of confidence in Sir Humphrey, who declined to pay any attention to her account of Miss Morel's fainting-fits.

"Miss Morel's fainting-fits." They had happened again, then. I wished indeed that I had time and opportunity to observe them for my own satisfaction. I was haunted by a certain resemblance between her and a girl whom I had once seen in a mesmeric trance.

It was in my young days at Cambridge, long before hypnotism had been elevated to the dignity of a subject of scientific discussion. We called it Electro-Biology, and went to the seances of a foreign lady-professor for fun, after which we practised on one another by way of a joke till the fashion died out.

Luckily I had sense enough even then to perceive the mischief I might do by playing with such an edge-tool, and solemnly pledged myself to myself that nothing but the direst need should make me employ the mesmeric power of which I found myself possessed.

I had kept faith with myself loyally hitherto, and the gift had lain idle, except for the dispelling of some old woman's tic-doloureux, or to relieve the Vicar's bad attacks of insomnia, and the busy life I led in this out-of-the-way region prevented my ever taking up the subject as a serious study.

I thought of Gwen Williams, and wondered if the theory I was unconsciously forming were one whit more irrational than hers.

"Overlooked"—"Hypnotised"—which for choice? "I must confer with my fellow-scientist," I declared to myself, but on inquiry I found she had gone away with Mrs. and Miss Morel, and the next week a series of alarming circumstances effectually diverted my attention. The first shock came from the Vicar.

"Have you heard that Mrs. Morel has withdrawn his candidature for the County Council?" he asked with a disturbed face.

"No. Why? The very man we want there."

He nodded gravely. "And the works at the quarry are to be stopped next month." I was horribly disconcerted by this change of plan, but possessed my soul in patience.

Next day it was Dr. Grimshaw who stopped me to shake hands, showing all his ugly yellow old teeth in a spiteful grin.

"So you are to lose your good friend up at the castle, eh? Look here." He hauled out a paper giving a report that a certain semi-official post in Egypt had been offered to and accepted by Mr. Gustavus Morel, well-known in financial circles——

"I don't believe it," I said contemptuously, and left him cackling maliciously.

Mrs. Twysden-Brown was the last and worst. She made her big carriage draw up in a muddy lane to greet Nellie, who was riding with me, and I saw by her face she was going to be disagreeable.

"I couldn't help stopping you, dear. I felt I must have someone to share the good news with! Aren't you delighted? Not heard? Think of having the dear de Beauvoirs back again! Oh, I know it's true. Mr. Twysden-Brown had it from Sir Ralph himself; I read the letter. We are not to keep it a secret. What a welcome home he will have!"

"It's the worst piece of news Shotacre has heard for many a day, and I'm sincerely sorry to hear it," spoke out Nellie—bless her; and disposed of Mrs. Twysden-Brown with a curt adieu. We rode homewards dejectedly through the evening gloom, till Nellie drew rein at the cross-cut to the castle.

"Charlie, you'll be wretched till you know the truth. Ride up there and find out." I took her advice.

I found Mr. Morel in his library before a table covered with maps, plans, specifications, photographs of buildings, etc. He was not looking at any one of them. He sat, staring into vacancy, his head resting on his hands, in the blackest of brown studies, till I got within range of his lamp, when he started and greeted me cordially.

I was in no mood to approach the subject of which my mind was full diplomatically, even if that were ever possible in dealings with Mr. Morel, and in five minutes had blurted out my news and my fears.

He sighed heavily before he answered. "News flies fast here. I was coming to tell you all this to-morrow myself."

I dropped back in my chair with an actual physical pain at my heart, such as I had never heard of or believed possible in like circumstances.

"Castle Beauvoir has been in the market for the last week. I was assured on all sides that there was no possible chance of a tenant being found, but this morning came Sir Ralph's offer. I wonder if I am committing a great piece of iniquity in allowing that scamp to return to his old position? His misdeeds and those of his father and grandfather are so inextricably mixed that it is impossible to apportion the due share to each. Adversity may have taught him something. I intend that he shall be tightly bound to the engagements I have entered into with his tenants, and I will leave all in order that you and the Vicar shall not be stopped in any of your schemes of usefulness——" he broke off at the sight of my face.

"Sir Ralph de Beauvoir back amongst us!" I groaned in despair.

"He is older and steadier now, and really writes with much proper feeling about his old home." I shook my head uncheered. "Besides, money sometimes brings its own virtues with it. He may die a saint and a miser, who knows?"

"Money? Whose? How has he come by it?"

"How he is going to raise the purchase money is more than I can tell you, but the property he must and will have at any cost. It is an indispensable condition of his marriage with an American millionaire's. She hesitates between him and the penniless younger son of a marquis.

"The feudal castle will turn the scale. She is descended herself from one of the oldest families in the pork line in Chicago, and is naturally prejudiced in favor of ancient lineage—the Marquis is so very few."

He was talking with forced jocularity, but gave up the effort. "Conyers, I'm grieved—grieved from the bottom of my heart to do this; but if you knew what I have gone through in the last month you'd pity me. It's to save my girl's life or reason I'm doing it. Heaven grant it's not too late!"

What could he mean?

"It is the fancy she took to this accursed place that made me buy it, nearly a year ago," he began, after a short silence. "She was keen to settle down in the country, in a home of our very own; she wanted to make friends with everyone, and to play the Lady Bountiful in the village, and have some busy duties in life, she said—my good little girl! I liked the thought. Now that I have given up business, I indulged in dreams of training my daughter to administer the wealth that shall be hers nobly and wisely.

"We were happy here—so happy when we first came, planning restorations and changes, which we left to be carried out while we went abroad for a few months. She counted the days to our home-coming—and so did I. Then—from the day she first set foot in the place, she suddenly changed. She grew at first only listless and dull, moped in the picture gallery, or wandered about the old chapel all day and seemed to avoid meeting new people. Then her dislike to the place grew active; she told me passionately that it was killing her; she begged me to take her away at once, as far as possible. This was just after her birthday. Sir Humphrey Driver came down—talked of hysteria-monomania—referred me to a specialist. I had him come down here. He examined her and kept her under constant observation for some time, and says she is as sane as I am. But she is dying—my little Vera is slipping away from me," he ended a sob.

"Have you tried change?"

"She went with her mother and an old nurse to a place that was recommended, but she grew so much worse there that we brought her home yesterday. I must make an end of it. If I lose her, what have I left? Maybe she is right when she says the curse on the de Beauvoirs will cling to us while we hold their lands."

"Fudge!" I said, but only in my inmost soul.

"Come and see her," he said, starting up. "You are a favorite of hers. Nurse Gwen was urgent that I should consult you, but with Sir Humphrey——"

I gave a nod of comprehension. "Mrs. Williams has her own theory of Miss Morel's delicacy."

He looked annoyed. "Absurd old creature! I had to be very angry with her—she almost insulted one of our guests in her crazy fits."

"Perhaps what I am going to suggest may seem to you as crazy," I began; and, once started, gave Mr. Morel the benefit of my wild imaginings. He was too polite to give a sign of disbelief, but he gave none of assent either. He heard me to the end, and then led the way to the drawing-room.

We came upon a pretty group in the firelight. Mrs. Morel sat on a low chair, her daughter leaning against her knee. Vera had got possession of her mother's hand and was caressing it as she kept up a soft little murmur of talk.

Mrs. Morel's comely face had grown careworn, and her lips twitched nervously as she spoke. Vera sprang up to meet us. Such a wasted little hand she placed in mine! Mr. Morel demanded tea, and she went off to pour it out for us.

She wore a loose sort of dress, "a tea-gown of eau de-nil satin, hand embroidered in jet and silver, straight from Vienna" (interpolated by Nellie) which hid her figure but made her face look almost corpse-like in hue, and her great eyes shone like the jet stars on her gown—an altogether weird effect. While I talked, she moved to and fro uneasily, and finally disappeared into the conservatory; I could catch the glint of her gown as she passed out into the moonshine at the far end.

Mr. Morel was called away by a servant with a note requiring answering, and I was left to talk to his wife. She began at once on her grief at leaving and seeking another home. Even Mr. Morel's wealth would not stand keeping up another such establishment unless he got rid of this one—and that was what Vera insisted on. Nothing less would satisfy her.

I spoke out energetically. I enlarged upon Mr. Morel's work, described the miserable, God-forgotten state of the place before his coming, the want, vice, ignorance, that had thriven like evil weeds fostered by the neglect and wrong-doing of generations. "The de Beauvoirs were a curse to the land, their property a plague spot on the face of the earth——"

I broke off suddenly, for Vera was standing behind me; she had drawn near unnoticed while I spoke more strongly and at length than I knew. Too strongly for poor Mrs. Morel's nerves. She gave a sob or two, then jumped up with her handkerchief at her eyes, and made for the door.

Veronica ran to her with outstretched arms, but her mother made a gesture of avoidance and rushed from the room, leaving the girl standing there, a picture of dumb, bewildered misery.

"What am I doing?" she demanded of me with the woful, wistful look that made me think I knew not why of "a spirit in prison."

Mr. Morel entered. He must have met his wife, I think, for he asked no explanation, but walked up to his daughter, looking eagerly at her. "What is it, Vera. Tell Dr. Conyers."

Again the look, as of a dumb animal in cruel pain. She tried to speak, but choked, stopped, and shook her head. "I cannot. If I only could——" I fancied I heard. Then she suddenly seized my arm. "Help me. Make me tell you," she cried, in an odd, strangled voice.

I looked inquiringly at Mr. Morel.

"Try what you like," he answered.

I told her what I wished to do, and she assented dully. Never, in spite of her unwillingness, have I had a more difficult subject to deal with. It was as if I were wrestling with some powerful counter-influence external to the girl that must be overcome before I could bend her will to mine. I was faint and exhausted before she yielded, at last, and sank back in slumber in her chair.

Mr. Morel looked on, half-angry, half-curious. "Ask her why she will not live here?"

"They will not let me. We have no right here. They will not rest till we go."

"Who?"

"They—the faces that I see everywhere. They hunt me night and day. They mean to hunt me into my grave. If I live to take possession they will kill me. Save me! Take me away while there is time. Give it back! Give it back."

She struggled fiercely, her face grew distorted with terror, a thin line of foam appeared on her lips. I passed my hand over her forehead. "They are gone. Do you hear me. They are gone," I said, authoritatively.

Her features became calm; she smiled, relieved. "They are gone."

"You dreamt them?"

"I dreamt them."

"When did you dream them first?"

"On my birthday. There was no empty place at the table. When I looked I saw him there. The one with the dark brows and wicked look. He leant on the table and looked up and down, blighting you all with his burning eyes."

"And the next?"

"When I was dancing I saw him standing in the doorway, and as I passed, he stretched out a cold hand and caught my shoulder—A—h—h!"

"They are only dreams, remember. After that?"

"They come so fast I can hardly tell you. They look out at me from amongst the trees in the wood; they peep round the pillars of the church. They stare and gibber in at the windows from the dusk outside. I feel cold breath on my neck, and I turn, and two eyes glare into mine. I know what they all say though I cannot tell the words."

"Why could you not tell all this sooner?"

"I was prevented."

"By whom?"

Again the struggle and the slight convulsion passed over her face. I was nervous; I dared not prolong the experiment.

"You will never see them more. There, I have sent them away. Now I have made you forget them." She sat perfectly quiet, smiling contentedly till I roused her.

"Have I been asleep in my chair while you two were talking?" she asked, with a laugh, rubbing her eyes with the pretty, childish gesture that I remembered.

I gave Mr. Morel a hint not to allow his wife to refer to the vexed question, prescribed early hours and plenty of outdoor exercise for my patient, and promised to call first thing in the morning.

"What has been the gain of all this?" Mr. Morel asked, gloomily, following me to the door. "We have discovered that the poor child has been tormented by hallucinations. Have you power sufficient to hold them at bay; and what is the extent and duration of that power?"

"Will you trust my honor and loyalty, and leave me to answer your questions by and by," I pleaded, for I was overdone and over-excited. I felt as if I had gone through some violent physical struggle.

My horse had his wits about him, and brought me home with no assistance from me, and I stumbled blindly into my surgery and dropping into a chair, fell into a heavy slumber.

I was awakened by a low tapping at the outside door. All the household were asleep, fancying that I had been called out again to some case, so I opened the door softly and found an odd little figure waiting on the step. Gwen Williams, with a big hood pinned over her cap, and a great cloak.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked anxiously. "Is Miss Morel ill?"

"Sleeping like an angel; that is why I left her. Tell me—what have you been doing to her, Doctor?"

"What has brought you here?"

She sat down on a stool at the opposite side of my fire and nodded mysteriously.

"I was right, was I not, eh? Overlooked she was; and"—very mysteriously—"I know who did it."

She chuckled with delight at my look of surprise, nodded and winked cunningly. Then she folded her arms and leaned forward till the peak of her hood nearly touched my face.

"The day they were leaving us—all the ladies and gentlemen—I said, 'I will see was it one of your' and I—listen, doctor—I sprinkled the doorstep with a handful of blessed salt that I had from a wise woman in my own country, eh?"

I was too prudent to stop to make inquiries; I only nodded.

"They all passed over it when they said good-bye—all but her. She turned back—yes, indeed—and she went again; and then she turned back again, and then she sneezed, and I knew I had her! Her face fell.

"But the master was angry when I spoke, and wouldn't listen, and he let her go; but"—with another nod of triumph—"it was not by that door she went after all—no, indeed!"

"And who was she?"

"She with the yellow hair—Countess Clara."

I was startled. For the second time the old woman's wits and mine had jumped to the same conclusion, on equally irrational grounds. I could get no further reason out of Gwen than the testimony of the blessed salt—whatever that might be; and my own idea was based only on Mrs. Morel's mention of her daughter's singular fancy for the woman, and a vague recollection of her manner on the one occasion when I saw them together.

Gwen hurried back to her post, leaving me to a hag-ridden night.

I was up at the castle next morning as early as I reasonably could appear. Mr. Morel was walking on the terrace with his cigar, Vera beside him. She came smiling up to me and greeted me with a little jest. I was pleased to see how devoid of consciousness her manner was. Mr. Morel I fancied was a trifle cool. I think he resented last night's experiment.

I went home and consulted Nellie. She has a way of knowing exactly what I want doing without troubling her head about my reasons.

"Of course, dear, you cannot keep on calling incessantly, especially as Mrs. Morel must not be made uneasy. I can look after Miss Morel to-day. I promised to let her know when the Sunday school prizes were to be given. If I go this morning they will keep me to luncheon, and I can stay till dusk and you can call to fetch me."

There is a certain eminent French savant with whom I once had occasion to correspond. He has of late years devoted himself to the study of the phenomena of hypnotism. I decided on consulting him. Nellie reappeared before I had finished my letter that afternoon.

"They want us to dine there. The Vicar and Mrs. Boyd are coming. I've come down to dress and bring you back with me."

On our way there, Nellie told me that she had made exhaustive inquiries about Countess Clara. "I know all about her except her surname. It begins with S—s—s—and ends in sks, but that's as much as anybody knows. She's a genuine countess, half English, visits in the best society, and was quite properly introduced to the Morels. Here's her address; I've written it down; I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I believe she is quite respectable."

Mrs. Morel seemed in excellent spirits and talked Christmas trees, magic-lantern entertainments and other village dissipations with the Vicar's wife all dinner-time, Vera joining in readily. The Vicar left us directly after dinner, leaving Mr. Morel and me to talk, across the walnuts and the wine.

"Here's something that may interest you," said Mr. Morel, pulling out a letter. "This is from the fair American, the future chatelaine. She is, above all, practical, and insists on coming to inspect the place for herself and assuring herself of my willingness to sell. Plans for the complete restoration on a magnificent scale are to be immediately prepared."

"And the rest of the property——?"

"We must trust to philanthropy being so much the fashion. I thought she looked good-natured when I saw her once, but as hard and sharp as nails. The future of Shotacre will rest with her, not with Sir Ralph, if that is any comfort to you."

"It isn't."

"Conyers, I know you blame me for giving in, but what can I do? Can you engage to keep Veronica's mind clear, forever clear of those wretched hallucinations that make the place terrible to her. Your experiment last night was curious, but leads to nothing."

"I beg your pardon. It has revealed the existence of a sinister influence over Miss Morel's mind. Give me the chance of discovering it and destroying. That is all I ask."

I told him of my letter to Dr. Quinet. He listened indifferently, but promised to make no further arrangements for the sale till the reply should come. The sudden opening of the door cut his sentence short. It was Nellie who entered, pale and scared.

"Oh, Charles! Mr. Morel! What is to be done? She's gone."

"Gone—who? Miss Morel? Where? When?" We sprang up in alarm and bewilderment.

"We were sitting together in the conservatory, when she just got up and walked away without a word to me. I waited some time and then went to look for her. A maid says she saw her go out a quarter of an hour ago. Nurse Williams and I have looked everywhere. Her fur cloak is gone and her hat, but no gloves, and in those thin little shoes——"

"But why? Where should she go?" Mr. Morel demanded.

"Oh, how like a man!" cried Nellie in an agony of impatience. "Can't you form your theory while you are looking for her. Isn't it enough that she has gone—gone out into this winter night shoeless and gloveless—all alone and with a purse full of money——"

"Ring the bell!" Mr. Morel cried to me. "We must send the servants——"

"Stop!" cried Nellie, rising to the occasion, as usual. "You will frighten Mrs. Morel to death. She and Mrs. Boyd are fast asleep over the drawing-room fire. They think we are in the billiard room. Mrs. Williams has gone with a man to search the village and bring her back quietly if she is there. If she is not she must have taken the road towards town. Our dog-cart is at the door, and you can overtake her. I'll keep Mr. Morel quiet. Perhaps she need never know."

We were off in five minutes, leaving Nellie to do her best. We had no time to speak as we drove along behind my smart little mare, looking sharply out at either side of the road. A thick, soaking mist hung over the land, which the moon was trying in vain to disperse.

We drove for a mile or two, and then stopped and looked around. Right or left all was bare and lonely, with no covert for anything larger than a rabbit. "We should have passed her before this if we had been on the right road," I said; "let us try back." A few yards behind us another road branched off leading to the next village. Along it a stout farmer of my acquaintance came clumping heavily on his grey cob. I hailed him and questioned him. "No. He'd met nobody, unless maybe the mail-cart going to catch the train." I thanked him, gave the mare a touch with the whip, and drove fast along the lane. His words brought into my mind a sudden recollection of a footpath I had noticed, a short cut to the station from which the local train caught up the mail at the junction.

"Why are we going this way?" demanded Mr. Morel. "Why should she be——"

But we had reached the foot path. I threw him the reins, and was over the stile and half-way across the field before he had ended his question. Another stile and another field, I ran and ran. Then a gate, left open in defiance of the notice above it, and in the field beyond a girl's figure.

She was walking slowly but steadily on. A bramble swaying from the hedge caught her skirt. She made no attempt to disengage herself. The dress tore away, but she never paused. I overtook her, treading heavily and whistling that she might not be startled; she never looked nor made way for me. "Miss Morel," I said, for now I was sure of her. She gave no sign of hearing, but walked on with the stony abstraction of a somnambulist. I caught her in my arms and held her tight. I commanded her with all the force of my will to obey me. She must stop and listen to me. She struggled blindly, then suddenly gave way, and fell senseless on my shoulder.

I could not rouse her. I shouted to Mr. Morel, and at last he came, and we carried her between us to the dog-cart, and I managed to support her while we drove home. Before we reached it her consciousness had returned, and I forbade her to speak until we had reached the castle and I had given her safely into the faithful care of Gwen.

Nellie had stood bravely at her post, coining I don't know how many innocent fictions, when Mrs. Morel became aware that her daughter was missing. She had actually not taken alarm when we re-entered the drawing room.

Mr. Morel was beginning to thank me, but I stopped him.

"Your daughter is not safe yet. In mercy's name let me try the one chance I see. It is a desperate one."

"What can I do?"

"Give me a fresh horse and a hundred dollars—the bank is closed. I am going to do what your daughter was about to do when I stopped her. I can catch the night mail to London at the junction, and cross by the tidal train to-morrow for Paris."

The following evening, at the same hour, I was waiting an interview with Countess Clara.

The madness of my errand was very plain to me, but I refused to dwell upon it. I looked at the books around me, the choice collections of prints and photographs, the costly bits of china and enamel—all the surroundings of a woman of culture and refinement. A small ivory shrine stood on the writing-table. I touched it idly, and it opened. Inside was a miniature—Sir Ralph de Beauvoir! I could not mistake him. The haggard face, with the self-indulgent mouth and drooping, cynical eyes. My fast-chilling courage flamed up again to furnace heat, and I shook my fist at him in defiance, and shut him up again. Then the door softly opened, and I turned to face Countess Clara.

She waited for me to speak, not asking me to be seated or giving me the slightest encouragement.

"I have come here from your friend, Mr. Morel," I began. "You have heard that he is about to sell Castle Beauvoir?"

"Pardon me. How am I concerned in this?"

"You can explain that best yourself, Countess. In my attendance on Miss Morel I have discovered that she has fallen under some powerful influence—malign influence, I would say. Seek the influence. I have done so. Yours. Next, seek the motive. That is what I am here for."

Then she came up to me and spoke scoffingly.

"You are overtired with your journey, dear Dr. Conyers, otherwise I should have begged you to join our party; but come and breakfast with me to-morrow and you shall put me to the question as much as you will. For the present, adieu."

"I shall stay here till I get an answer. What is your object? What good can it do you? Mr. Morel will pay you twice the money to set his daughter free from this bondage. It cannot be for Sir Ralph's own sake? You are not his mother or his sister. He cannot be your lover or husband. You would never play this despicable part just to help him to a rich American wife——"

A chorus at the door rose to shrieks of amusement mingled with a shrill malicious giggle. Countess Clara stood calm and magnificent, but ghastly pale; her eyes piercing me through and through. "A rich American wife!" she repeated. "Tell me who she is, and how you know."

I told her. She listened with fixed attention, unmoved, except for a certain grim whitening and tightening of her lips. When I had done, she turned to the spectacle, who now had opened the door wide and came crowding into the room. "And you all? What have you known of this?"

"Not a word! Could one credit such treason! Ah, the coward! the infamous! Sir de Beauvior had, nevertheless, departed for London that day," one said.

She looked at them with grand scorn. "It amuses you—his perfidy? You shall live to see it punished. Dr. Conyers, I owe you gratitude and reparation. Let us be friends and allies. All the hold I have on Miss Morel ceases within this hour. In return, can you break off the sale of the estate?"

"Madame, I can do more. I can break off the marriage."

She held out her strong white hand to me, and we struck the bargain. She was in deadly earnest. Much as I hated him, for that brief instant my heart was filled with pity for Sir Joseph.

There is a little more to tell. The Morels are at Castle Beauvoir still. Vera the life and soul of all the gaieties for miles round. I have never heard what became of Sir Ralph, but the golden girl from Chicago is to marry her Lord Harry at Easter. Gwen Williams declares it was all that pinch of blessed salt—yes, indeed!

Our Young Folks.

THE NICEST TIME.

BY M. C. H.

PRIMROSE, little manager, knew just how to coax her papa. She climbed into his lap, stole her soft arm round his neck, and getting her curly head between his evening paper and his line of vision, she so totally eclipsed the latest reports from the "Indian war" region, that he could not see a word, and was fain to listen to her description of a highway-and-hedge party, and to consent to her having one on her birthday.

Not that even yet he had much idea of what Primrose's highway-and-hedge party was to be, but Primrose said that she and Miss Menge knew all about it, and that woman—an invalid upstairs—did not object, so that made it all right.

"You see, papa," continued Primrose, enumerating the attractions, "there will be the washerwoman's two twins, and Tommie, who blacks our boots, and Johnnie, the little cripple at the home, and that quick messenger-boy you like so much, and the morning-paper boy, and Cousin Dorothea's mission-girls' class, and—and—oh, yes! the China-laundry boy.

"Hum! hadn't I better come, too?" asked her father.

"No, indeed; we only want you to come to the jack-straws," answered Primrose.

"Jack-straws?" echoed papa, obtusely.

"Yes, sir; they're the nicest part of all, and Miss Menge and I thought of it ourselves."

"Well, puss, have it as you like," laughed papa, just as Miss Menge came in to carry off her happy little charge to parties in Dreamland.

The next day but one was the anticipated birthday, and Miss Menge shortened Primrose's lessons, and drove with her to toy-shops and stores, where a generous bank bill from Primrose's father made it possible to half fill the carriage with "jack-straws."

The house-carpenter had already made a poker-shaped hooker, as large as a croquet mallet, to go with the jack-straws, and Miss Menge and Primrose, returning from their tour of invitation with no "regrets," felt that the party was well under way.

Before the time set, the front door opened again and again, the following afternoon, to admit the expectant little guests who could not wait a moment longer.

"Oh, mamma!" reported Primrose, peering over the balusters, "the two twins have come, and the mission class, and there is Tommie and the little cripple—I must hurry and go, and give them the button-hole bouquets," and hopping, skipping and jumping down the stairs, Primrose joined them with a bright smile of welcome.

No sooner were they decorated with the flowers, than the twins shyly handed Primrose a coffee chromo card, as a birthday souvenir; Tommie gave her a box of chocolate cigarettes, and Ching Wing a basket of nuts—these gifts greatly surprising her, as she had not told them it was her birthday.

Very shortly James announced the table served, and their quick feet, carried their bright eyes into the dining room.

How enticing the table looked! In the centre a plateau of flowers, nuts and raisins; at one end a pyramid of pink and white bon-bon bags, too full to close; at the other, a Pike's Peak of oranges, bananas and grapes.

No wonder that the morning paper boy, who had never seen such an array of flowers and edibles, outside of shop-windows, exclaimed, "Did you ever get loit?"

The constant bringing in, taking out, and eating of good things, kept those small gourmands too busy for much talking. Once the laundry-boy said confidentially to the little cripple beside him, that he "not too muchee talkee Inglich, but dis a goode timee."

Some of the mission girls laughed at this, which Ching Wing resented, with such a scorching glance at them, that Miss Menge hastened to cool his evident wrath, with a double supply of ice-cream.

Supper over they were led directly to the library, where the centre-table had been pushed back, the rug taken up, and in the space so left a pile of jack-straws, composed of mysterious paper packages and toys had been placed.

The twins were the first to take the "hooker," and attempted to draw something from the heap without shaking. The first twin giggled so hard that the whole pile shook, and so lost her chance for that time; but, twin the second, did better, and brought out, not the doll carriage she had aimed for, but a base-ball and boy's knife tied together.

Next Tommy tried his skill, and succeeded in capturing a sturdy package, which prove on unwrapping to be the material for a red cashmere dress, and then how they laughed. Johnnie was in good luck, and drew out a pair of crutches with padded velvet arm-rests.

One of the mission girls rescued "Robinson Crusoe" from the pile, and another hoed a box of handkerchiefs and ribbons from the heap.

Primrose's father joined them now, and suggested that Ching Wing should help Primrose to draw from the pile a yellow plush case which no one had before noticed there.

The China boy was so deft and skilful that the mission girls regarded him with much respect, as they watched him "hook out" the case "without shaking" from far underneath, and hand it to Primrose.

"I could never have done that!" said Primrose, with a nod of thanks, as she opened the case, and found in it a long wished-for string of gold beads.

Ching Wing was rewarded when his turn came by extracting for himself from the heap a silk handkerchief, a pencil case, and a box of water colors.

After some exchanging among the children, so that the right child should have the right jack-straws, the carriage of Primrose's father came for the little cripple, and considering this as the signal the people laden with "straws," bon-bon bags and fruit went gayly homeward.

"It was the very nicest time I ever had," said Primrose, thanking papa for the beads, and hardly able to wait until to-morrow "to tell mamma all about it."

THE RUBBER MAN.

BY J. M. C.

"CHARLIE, Charlie, put your overshoes where they belong and hang up your coat," said Mrs. White, as her little son entered the kitchen one rainy day, and throwing his rubbers under the stove and his coat on a chair, came into the sitting room, picked up a story book, and threw himself on the lounge.

"Here, dear!" he grumbled, getting up slowly. "Can't the horrid things stay where they are?"

Mamma made no reply, and Charlie with a frown went out and put his things away.

"There! you old thing, why don't you stay there?" he exclaimed, as the coat dropped from the hook where he had too hastily hung it. Picking it up he again replaced it and hurried back to his reading.

"Yes, I am very old."

Charlie rubbed his eyes and stared in astonishment at the funny little figure before him; and an odd creature it was indeed, with its rubber face looking for all the world like Baby Nell's rubber doll, only it was larger and had jet-black eyes, which seemed to look one through and through.

He wore a long rubber coat; on his head was a broad-trimmed rubber hat, while his feet were encased in rubber boots; but did he really speak? Charlie could hardly believe his ears when he heard the little man say:

"Yes, I am very, very old. Long before you, or your father or mother were born, I was living. Nearly three hundred years ago the natives of South America used me for the same purposes that I am used to-day. The ancient Mexicans made me into shoes, and used me for waxing their canvas cloaks to make them water-proof.

"My botanical name is Caoutchouc, and I am found in the juice of many trees in tropical countries. The trees are tapped and the juice flows into basins, from which I am collected, and while soft, moulded into forms for market. I was first known as India rubber, from being discovered useful in erasing black lead-pencil marks; but whatever process the ancient Mexicans used in making me into shoes must have been lost, for it was a long time before I could be made into overshoes that were good for anything.

"Perhaps your grandparents have told you what strange tricks their overshoes used to play upon them when they were boys and girls; how, if it was a very cold day, they became too stiff to use, and if put near the fire, or it was a hot day, they would melt and became soft and sticky.

As gum I was sold at five cents a pound, while shoes made from me brought from three to four dollars per pair—that is until a hot summer reduced them to paste.

"Finally, a Mr. Charles Goodyear, who was born in 1800, discovered a way of overcoming these difficulties; but it was only after eleven long years of poverty and failures that success at last crowned his efforts; and it was through the merest accident, too, that it came to him.

"One day, when experimenting with me in his wife's kitchen, he dropped a little piece of gum and sulphur on the hot stove, and found to his amazement that it did not melt; but it took five years longer to bring this discovery to perfection.

"In this state I am known as vulcanized rubber, and am not only used in the manufacture of overshoes, but also in making fire hose, bike tires, and articles of medical and surgical use, while under the name of vulcanite or ebonite I am made into combs, chains, bracelets, knife handles, buttons, and even rails for railroads; so little boy, you see, I am very useful after all, and not to be despised."

"Tell me some more, Mr. Little Rubber Man."

"Why, Charlie, wake up; what are you dreaming about?"

Charlie rubbed his eyes and looked around. Mamma and Nell were standing by the lounge, so it must have been a dream; but when he told it to mamma after tea, she told him it was all true, though there was really no Rubber Man.

WRENS AND GRASSHOPPERS.

Under an oak tree a large green grasshopper was singing merrily to himself, whilst he was taking his breakfast.

Now, the old oak stood in a hedge, and in the brambles beneath it a pair of golden-crested wrens had built their nest. Such a beautiful round nest, larger than a base-ball, and with a tiny hole at the side of it to pop in and out of. Through that little hole could be seen the head of Mrs. Wren, who was sitting on fourteen eggs: for wrens have very large families. Mr. Wren sat perched on a blackberry spray, talking first to his wife and then to his neighbor Grasshopper below.

"Here we are, quite a jolly party," said he, "though there are only three of us."

"As yet," said Mrs. Wren, popping her head out of the nest-hole, anxious to join in the conversation. "We shall be seventeen soon, I hope."

"The more the merrier," said the grasshopper.

"Hem!" said Mr. Wren, a little doubtfully. "A wife and fourteen children take a good deal of providing for. But perhaps it is all the happier. The more to love, and to laugh with. But what is the matter, neighbor Grasshopper?"

"I thought I saw a thrush coming, and that he might make an end of me," said the grasshopper.

But he was a little sorrowful, because he sometimes felt just a little lonely without wife or children. Then he said:

"I am only an old bachelor. I own that I am not a beauty to look at. But I am never glum—I am content. A cheerful disposition is a great blessing.

"And when one has, as you two have, dear neighbors, beauty, cheerfulness, family affections, and a comfortable home, there is not much left to wish for."

Then he gave a playful skip, and hopped merrily away.

"That is a very nice sort of old gentleman," said Mrs. Wren to her husband as she drew her head back into her nest, and attended to her eggs again.

"Yes," said Mr. Wren. "And a delightful neighbor. You never have any sour looks, or hear any grumbling from him. 'Laugh and grow fat' is a very convoling proverb."

DISCONTENTED WOMEN.—Discontented women are always egotists. They view everything with regard to themselves, and have therefore the defective sympathies that belong to the low organizations. They never win confidence, for their discontent breeds distrust and doubt, and however clever they may naturally be, an obtrusive self, with its train of likings and dislikings, obscures their judgment, and they take false views of people and things. For this reason it is almost a hopeless effort to show them how little people generally care about their grievances, for they have thought about themselves so long and so much that they cannot conceive of any other subject interesting the rest of the world.

The World's Events.

Copper is seven times as durable as lead.

In Siberia milk is sold in a frozen state.

A ton of coal yields nearly 10,000 feet of gas.

Japan has a species of radish ten feet in length.

In London there is one doctor to every 880 people.

The husk of Indian corn is being used in the manufacture of paper.

Embossed books for the use of blind persons have been prepared in more than 250 languages and dialects.

Centenarians are so rare that not more than one person in a hundred thousand attains this patriarchal age.

Diamonds and crystals can be distinguished from glass and paste by touching them with the tongue. The diamonds feel much colder.

In California the skins of rattlesnakes are being used it is said as necktles by the gilded youth of the cities. The rattle is used as a pin.

New York is said to have more widows than any other city in the world. London ranks second in the list of the bereaved, and Paris third.

A foreign watchmaker has patented a device by which, an hour or two before a clock runs down, the word "wind" will appear at an opening in the dial.

Those who have lost their voices through injury or disease, may now have the damage repaired by artificial means. Many are said to derive benefit from "artificial voices."

Several species of moth never eat after attaining a perfect state. Their mouths become smaller and smaller, until they finally shut altogether. Then the moths live but a few hours.

Glass is the most perfectly elastic substance in existence. A glass-plate kept under pressure in a bent condition for twenty-five years will return to its exact original form. Steel comes next.

The blood flows almost as freely through the bones as through the flesh of very young children; but as age comes on, the blood-vessels in the bones are almost filled by the deposit of matter.

A German engineer has paved a bridge with india-rubber, and the result has been so satisfactory that it is to be applied on a larger scale. It is found to be more durable than asphalt, and not slippery.

The earth's surface only exceeds the moon's by about 13½ times. The moon's surface is fully as large as Africa and Australia together, and nearly as large as North and South America without the islands.

The great Lick telescope reveals about 100,000,000 stars, and every one of them is a sun, theoretically and by analogy, giving light and heat to his planets; this telescope reveals stars so small that it would require 30,000 of them to be visible to the naked eye.

Almanacs and calendars are rather more cumbersome in China than here. According to the calculations of the Celestials the present year ought to be numbered seven million nine hundred and ten thousand three hundred and forty-one.

A whistling moth is an Australian rarity. There is a glassy space on the wings crossed with ribs. When the moth wants to whistle, it strikes these ribs with its antenne, which have a knob at the end. The sound is a love-call, from the male to the female.

Lobsters are such pugnacious crustaceans that they cannot be made to grow up together peaceably. If a dozen newly-hatched specimens are put into an aquarium, within a few days there will be only one—a large, fat, and promising youngster. He has eaten all the rest.

We are apt to imagine that MS. books were dear in the days of the Romans. They were however cheap and plentiful. Private and public libraries abounded, and publishers could, by the aid of a number of trained slaves, turn out in twenty-four hours an edition of say, Martial's Epigrams, for ten cents.

The Chinese and the Japanese eat everything that comes out of the sea. All the fishes are good to their taste, and are caught with great skill. Seaweeds of several sorts are sent far into the interior to be used in thickening soups, gravies, and puddings, and are highly prized because they give a relishing flavor of salt, which is a luxury beyond the reach of most Chinese peasants.

Possibly the oldest of all hotels is the Hotel des Trois in Switzerland, well known to travelers of every nationality even at the present time. It dates back to A. D. 1025, in which year the Emperor Conrad II., his son Henry III., and Rodolphe, the last King of Burgundy, were quartered in what was then a simple tavern. The presence of these three monarchs gave it the name The Hotel of The Three—a name it has retained ever since.

THE GREATEST GOOD.

BY M.

A summer morn, a summer garden fair,
Blossom and dew and color, and the day
Emptied of tasks and consecrate to play,
With blithesome comrades every game to share—
Lo, the child's paradise, without a care!
The youth has wandered farther on the way;
He follows, through a land of dreams, the ray
That lights him to a bliss beyond compare,
By road of chivalry and old romance,
And pores on knightly deeds and lady's grace,
And sees himself a hero for a glance.
The man his magnet finds in maiden's face,
And learns, when fair face by true heart doth live,
Love is the highest bliss that earth can give.

OF ODD FARMING.

Many are unaware, even among the agricultural classes, that besides grain and root growing, and the rearing of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs, there are other channels of the great farming industry open to the venturesome. This fact obtains abroad to a greater extent than in America. One of these is guinea-pig farming. Generally we associate guinea-pigs with pets or experiments made in the interests of medical science, for being so subject to contagious disorders, medical experimenters select them in preference to less expensive rabbits.

We do not yet appreciate this tailless cavy as an article of human food. In France they sell them for rabbits; and there are three farms in England where they are reared, and which export them to France, one farmer alone exporting over 150,000 of the little beasts. The flavor of the meat is said to be identical with that of rabbit meat. These animals need constant attention to keep them out of mischief, as they are little demons to fight, and they have a habit of chewing up whatever fragments they find scattered about till they die of gastric congestion.

In their habits they are subject to unaccountable panics, and often rush about squeaking, and then huddle together quietly for the rest of the day. They are very prolific; and the young are not blind like the young of the rabbit, and often when only two days old, it is said, will eat grass and sop. On the farm they are fed on sop made of milk and stale but not sour bread, along with green stuff, barley, and hay. In guinea-pig farming, as in quail-farming, it is admitted that large profits are made—due, no doubt, to the fact that there is so little competition.

Snail-farming forms a peculiar branch of agricultural industry in France and other countries, and the consumption of them in France is very large. Though the great majority of the edible snails produced in France are of natural growth, their artificial culture is carried on to a very considerable extent. They are propagated from August to October in ground especially prepared for the purpose, and fed with cabbage, clover, etc. During the winter they are sheltered in houses composed of brick or wood, and they are gathered and marketed from April to June.

In the Tyrol from June to the middle of August the snails are collected from every available damp place and taken to the feeding-ground near the owner's dwelling. This is a bit of garden ground, free from trees and shrubs, and surrounded on all sides by running water. In this feeding-ground are little heaps of mountain-pine twigs, mixed loosely with wood-moss, and these twigs when dry are replaced by fresh ones. Every day they are fed on cabbage leaves and grass, and when cold weather sets in they go under cover—that is, they collect under the heaps of twigs and bury themselves up for the winter. When this has been successfully accomplished they are collected, packed in perforated boxes lined with straw, and sent off to Paris and other towns. Snails are regarded as dainties, and something of a luxury. On snail-farms the cost of preparing them for the market is greater than the cost of producing them.

Perhaps the most peculiar agricultural industry that we are aware of is spider-farming. There are not many spider-farms in existence. We have only heard of two, so we do not think the spider-farmer can suffer from competition. The spiders are reared for two definite ends, either to spin cobwebs in wine-cellars, or webs which, like the cocoons of silkworms, can be utilized for commercial purposes.

In one of the usual low stone farmhouses common in the region of the Loire, in France, resides a market-gardener whose main object in farming spiders is to furnish them of the kind needed for the wine-vaults of dealers and others, so that new, shining, freshly-labelled bottles will in three months' time be draped with a filmy lace of cobwebs, and have the appearance of twenty years' storage conferred at a small cost. It must be remembered that spiders are not all web spinners, and further, that those bred on a spider-farm and sold must fetch good prices, as they represent the survival of the fittest.

Spiders are great cannibals; the parents eat their children, and the children in turn readily eat each other. We have heard of another farm where the spiders are reared for their web, so as to turn it into practical use as spider-silk. The spider's web is much smoother and brighter-colored than the thread of the silk-worm, but it is much more fragile. It has been woven, and is vastly softer and more beautiful than ordinary silk, but it is as expensive as it is beautiful.

We have now only space to note that rabbit-farming is another phase of an agricultural industry not on the usual beaten track. In America there are rabbit-farms which turn out each about six hundred rabbits a year. The prolific character of the rabbit is well known, and the cost of rearing them is infinitesimal in comparison with the prices they fetch.

To meet the demand for ferrets, which in various ways are used in connection with rabbits, there are in England three or four large ferret-farms. One of these farms alone has a stock of over 40,000 ferrets, and a large number of attendants. They are treated like small dogs, and fed on milk, stale bread, horseflesh, bullock's blood, and rabbit meat. If the expenses of a ferret-farm were not so high, it is said that ferret-farming would be one of the finest industries imaginable.

Grains of Gold.

A word once uttered cannot be recalled.

Truth is truth, though from an enemy and spoken in malice.

He who puts a bad construction upon a good act, reveals his own wickedness at heart.

The best security for civilization is the home; it is the real nursery of all domestic virtues.

In everything we do we ought to reflect and reason, otherwise we shall never do anything well.

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.

There are in the world circumstances which give us for masters men whom we would not make our valets.

Some people's religious opinion is only a stake driven in the ground—does not grow—shoots out no green—remains just there and just so.

Femininities.

A nun is now set down as an organized old maid.

Turkish women eat rose leaves with butter to secure plumpness.

She who can support a moment's anger may prevent many days of sorrow.

A "good-quality" wife is quoted at ten thousand cocoanuts in the Solomon Islands.

The Swedish Parliament has advanced the marriageable age of women from fifteen to seventeen years.

The latest whim of the San Francisco girl is a fancy for having her foot immortalized in plaster of marble.

There are few women who believe in putting off till to-morrow the worrying which can just as well be done to-day.

"Marie, I thought your doctor told you that you were not strong enough to ride a bike?" "Yes; but then I went to another doctor."

He: "Nice dog! Have you taught him any new tricks since I was here last?" She, sweetly: "Oh, yes! He will fetch your hat if you whistle."

A woman who puts aside her religion because she is going into society, resembles a person taking off her shoes because she is about to walk upon thorns.

One of fashion's devotees suggests that the Government ought to print an assortment of postage stamps with a black border, for the use of people in mourning.

The Minister of Education in Germany has passed a decree that the definite engagement of a schoolmistress ceases at the end of the school-year in which she marries.

Husband: "Yes, dear, you look nice in that dress; but it cost me a heap of money." Wife: "Freddie, dear, what do I care for money when it is a question of pleasing you?"

Bobson: "It's a disputed question which have the quicker tempers, blondes or brunettes." Craik: "Is it?" Bobson: "Yes; my wife has been both, and I couldn't see that it made any difference."

The best way to ascertain whether the coffee has been adulterated is to pour cold water on it. If pure, it will color the water very slightly; if mixed with chicory, the water will take a brownish hue.

"Yes," said the girl who collects, "it is one of the best autographs in my collection." "But are you sure it is genuine?" asked her friend. "Positive. I cut it with my own hands from a telegram his wife received from him."

"Engagement bracelets" are now being worn. The bracelet consists of a series of heavy gold links closed by a padlock, which the lover locks on his betrothed's arm, keeping the key till the wedding day—or the breaking of the engagement.

Young husband: "Seems to me, my dear, this chicken is pretty tough." Young wife: "I know it is, and I can't understand it at all. I picked it out myself." "Did you examine it closely?" "Indeed I did. I looked in its mouth the first thing, and I could see it hadn't even cut its first teeth yet."

A curious marriage custom is recorded as existing in southern India among some of the more primitive non-Aryan tribes. This consists in wedding a girl to a plant, a tree, an animal, or even to an inanimate object, the notion being that any ill-luck which may follow an actual marriage will be averted by a union of this kind.

He: "I wonder what the meaning of that picture is? The youth and the maiden are in a tender attitude." She: "Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him, and she is accepting him. How sweet! What does the artist call the picture?" He, looking: "Oh! I see! It's written on a card at the bottom, 'Sold!'"

Photographer, to sitter: "I saw you in church last Sunday, Miss Simkins." Sitter: "Oh, did you?" Photographer: "Yes; and also your friend, Miss Brown. (If you could raise your chin a trifle. Thank you.) And what an atrocious-looking hat she had on." After a pause. "There, Miss Simkins, it is over, and I think we have caught a very pleasant expression."

A pretty girl gave an "old maid's" party not long ago. All her girl guests were dressed as spinsters, with mittens, caps, and sometimes spectacles. The fresh and laughing young faces looked odd enough in these surroundings. The ices were served in the shapes of cats, parrots, and dogs. Tea was served in a small teapot for each "spinster," each of whom brewed her own individual beverage.

Colored patent leather shoes are enticing to the feminine eye, which revels among colors as a bee among flowers. In cream, canary, blue, green, and the more delicate shades of red, they will always find raptured purchasers—in somewhat limited numbers, however—for the softer sorts of leather are always far in the lead, and can always be coaxed over a slightly larger foot than the unyielding patent leather will accommodate.

Masculinities.

A man that can tell good advice from bad does not need it.

The Giants' Club in Berlin admits to membership no one under six feet in height.

Statisticians agree that the population of the world averages 105 women to 100 men.

If you agree with any one man upon everything, you may set it down that either you or he is an imbecile.

One of the latest forms of gallantry on the Continent is to name one's bicycle after one's lady love.

According to his coronation oath, the Emperor of Japan undertakes to secure fair weather at proper times.

Say nothing, do nothing, which a mother would not approve, and you are on the certain road to happiness.

A boy was asked what meekness was. He thought a moment, and said, "Meekness gives smooth answers to rough questions."

Even the triumphant prophet who is able to say "I told you so" meets a great many exasperating people who can't remember that he did.

It is harder to conquer small and habitual defects than great and unfrequent vices, as it is harder to destroy a swarm of insects than one wild beast.

"Why was Lusk so overcome when he met Miss Johnson?" "She reminded him of his first love." "In what way?" "By the way in which she refused him."

We absolve a man from gratitude to us when we remind him of a favor; the obligation becomes from that moment simply a debt—to be paid off as soon as possible.

A sentinel having addressed the Empress as Fraulein, the German Emperor has ordered a portrait of her Majesty to be hung up in all the barracks of Germany.

A man never talks with more confidence than when he is discussing something he pretends to understand with someone who he knows doesn't understand it.

White: "I wonder that Gray should think of marrying that woman. She is not on speaking terms with her own mother." Black: "Perhaps that is why Gray marries her."

A Turkish proverb says, "If you come empty-handed, they will tell you 'His excellency is asleep.' If you come with a present, they will say, 'Excellency, pray step in.'"

Rossini, the famous composer, was the only man of great eminence born on February 29th. He started the fashion, imitated by many others, of reckoning his age by Leap Years.

Ex-President Guzman Blanco, of Venezuela, is said to be the richest man in the world, owning 500,000 square miles of land, 2,000,000 virtual slaves, and enjoying an annual income of $87,000,000.

A tourist in Switzerland, finding a charge in his bill for stationery, and being sure that he had ordered none, investigated and found that the "stationery" was the ink and paper used in making out his bill.

Strikes occurred centuries ago, and their outcome was just as disastrous as is that of the present-day work struggles. In the year 1329 a strike of brassworkers was initiated at Breslau, Silesia, which lasted a year.

Few things tend more to produce good health than regular walking exercise. By it every member, muscle, and nerve of the body is employed in some way, the lungs are strengthened, the blood purified, the chest widened, and the figure improved.

A famous Parisian dentist is renowned for his brusqueric, but has a butler of most exquisite manners. On showing a patient into the waiting-room, he is in the habit of asking in the most tender accents, "Whom shall I have the pain of announcing?"

Newly married husband, home late for the first time: "I know I'm a little late, Alice, dear. You really shouldn't sit up and wait supper for me, darling." Newly married wife, with withering scorn: "Supper, dearest; it's too late for supper. I've laid the breakfast-table."

A rather savage story is told of a well-known dramatist by a contemporary. "Why do they call the people in the gallery 'gods?'" he was asked by an actress. "I suppose," he replied, "to distinguish them from the fiends who sit below in the orchestra and write criticisms."

An Irishman who died in the early part of this century in one of the outlying parishes of London undertook to test the devotion of his friends and acquaintances by making out a list of 400 of them, who were requested by written invitation to attend his funeral, which was held at 7 o'clock one cold winter morning in the parish church. Only twenty-nine persons came. When his will was opened, it was found that, having no natural heirs, he ordered his fortune to be divided among the persons who attended his funeral.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A pretty frock for autumn weather is of navy blue cashmere. The skirt is side plaited all around. The corsage blouse, with basque, is opened in front and back and braided in a small, scroll-like pattern. The square yoke is braided and opens in a point over a plaited plastron with a high collar, which is trimmed with lace. The yoke is braided like the basque in a small scroll.

The sleeve is medium tight, with a very little fulness at the top. With this is worn a velvet toque, trimmed with ostrich feathers. A handsome toilette is of dark moire changeable silk. The skirt is trimmed with a delicate outline of embroidery, forming a band. The effect of this is quite novel, and the moire makes a most effective background.

The body is a blouse, the back a little full at the waist and flat above. The fronts are full at the top and open over a chemisette of mousseline de soie, which has a bright, straight collar with lace, plaited very full, and falling over the back; a large bow and ends of mousseline de soie is in front.

The pointed revers are embroidered in the same patterns as the skirt. The back is decollete over the chemisette. The folded belt is closed at the side with a shirring over whalebones. A fancy little silk ruching finishes the revers and the front of the bodice. The sleeve is tight, with a slight fullness at the top, and is cut very long, with a fall of lace over the hand.

With this is worn a medium-sized hat, with a pie-crust velvet brim. This is turned up at the side and back with a rolling effect in front. It has a full beef-eater crown and bird of paradise for trimming. Velvet roses in the back.

A very stylish gown is of cloth. The skirt is plaited in the back and trimmed on the bottom with little galloons crossed and bordered by a bias pique or point surmounted with a soutache braid. The basque is round, with a corset vest; the fronts are slightly open and trimmed with galloons to imitate revers.

This trimming is continued over the top of the sleeve, which is almost tight-fitting and long over the hand in two points. A large bow of mousseline de soie with jabot makes a becoming finish. With this is worn a hat very simply trimmed with shaded silk and black wings.

A handsome gown is of solid navy blue. The skirt is gathered in the back. The body is a blouse with a turn-down collar over a standing one. The front is buttoned at the side, and has a wide revar of plaited surah trimmed with lace, fastened to the right. The sleeves are semi-bouffant. The folded belt and bow cravat are of velvet. The hat is a shirred affair of chiffon flower and knife aigrettes.

A pretty frock is in novelty goods in green. The skirt is trimmed apron fashion. The bodice has the same trimming as the skirt, one strip across the bust and a large collar extending down over the sleeves.

The sleeve is cut in one piece, with a slight fullness at the top. With this is worn a very stylish round hat with a wide brim, trimmed with a ruching of gauze and a group of wings arranged fan-shaped.

Sable will lead among furs this winter, followed closely by seal. A striking novelty is a shoulder cape of sable with a frill of fur around the edge. A high collar of sable finishes it. Another sable cape is lined with bright green brocade and made with an upright frilled collar of sable, with a full ruffle of cream lace and jabot of the same.

Sable never appears so beautiful as when used in conjunction with rich velvets and brocades and is therefore especially appropriate for evening wraps. A cloak of royal blue velvet, in a deep but brilliant shade, looks well, for instance, cut in a full circular shape and bordered with sable tails. The roll collar is of sable and is continued in long narrow revers down the front; while the lining is of white brocade, with a large design of lilies and lily leaves traced in silver.

In another instance some very wonderful specimens of sable appear as the lining of an exquisite cloak, composed of pale pink brocade, with clusters of white and mauve lilac scattered over the satin surface and surrounded by masses of pale green foliage. Here also there is a roll collar of sable, finished inside with full frills of yellowish lace, and fastened at the throat with a huge hook and eye in diamonds.

Chinchilla, with its soft, dainty tones of gray, will occupy a prominent place among fashionable furs this winter, both alone and in combination with sealskin. It will be used for evening mantles, too, and a chinchilla opera cloak, which has been made abroad expressly for an American lady, was made in a three-quarter length, with a yoke and shoulder-cape also of chinchilla, and it was lined throughout with ermine. This combination of pure white with pale gray was singularly successful.

A very smart little outdoor cape has also been made for this same lucky individual, with a square yoke of sealskin, back and front, finished with a high sealskin collar, and then, just round the shoulders, starting from the sealskin yoke, a full deep frill of chinchilla.

Some other coats of the same shape, which promise to be very popular, are made in black Persian lamb, and trimmed in the same way with chinchilla.

A very effective "moujik" coat of black Persian lamb is fastened with six large silver buttons, set with tiny turquoise, and finished at the waist with a turquoise and silver belt, over which the fullness droops both back and front. Below the waist there are the usual short basques of fur, waved in such a way that you catch an occasional glimpse here and there of the forget-me-not blue brocade with which the coat is lined.

Many of the newest sealskin coats are made in the full pouched-shape, both back and front, to which our eyes have been accustomed now for some time past in bodices of various descriptions, and which will prevail, even in cloth and fur, all through the winter months. These little coats are wonderfully smart looking, more especially as their shape requires that some kind of ornamental belt must be worn.

Loose jackets are not abandoned, though the prodigality with which they have been exploited by the wholesale manufacturers for the large shops has turned the research of the private houses in other directions. It is the law for all fashion. This jacket is used almost exclusively by the best tailors for bicycle costumes. For this wear it is made rather long, about the length of a man's round coat, this being found to be the most becoming length on the wheel. The chic finish to this jacket for the bicycle or elsewhere is a linen collar and a gentleman's four-in-hand tie.

In the matter of materials the taste for plaits has brought out some silk-and-wool stuffs woven in plaits that are suited to afternoon visiting dress. The dressmaker's influence is observable also in weaves of lace stripes alternating with tucked grenadine and in other needle-work imitations.

As a matter of fact these novelty cloths are not desirable. The moment that needlework effects are made by machine and thrown on the public market their doom is sealed, for the private dress-making houses cease to use them, and so they go out of fashion. It is better economy and better style to buy plain material than fancy weaves even at a bargain.

Among the cloths the rough, flannel-like surface called sibeline will be very much worn. A costume just made, in dark gray blue, has the skirt of sibeline, loose from the lining, with three over-lapping tucks at the bottom and a blouse jacket of velvet trimmed with bands running round of silk braid in the same blue, and a collar of silver fox.

Tobacco brown is another color that will be much worn in cloth this autumn. It will be trimmed with black braid and sable. As a matter of novelty may be cited a cloth jacket with the collar and revers covered with ecru burlap embroidered with colors.

A novelty in the way of a ribbon cuff is a band of ribbon that passes on the top of the wrist through a jeweled buckle. The ribbon is fastened on the under side of the wrist to the sleeve band by a stud that passes through a button-hole on both sleeve-band and wrist-band, much as a linen cuff would be fastened.

This wrist ribbon is very effective when worn just above the fall of lace that covers the hand, but when it makes the only finish at the foot of a sleeve the effect is rather trying to any but a very slender hand.

As a rule, the ribbon used matches the collar and is of some bright color, though an effect even more dainty than that of starched linen is gained when crisp white ribbon is used. The buckle on the top of the wrist may be as elaborate as you like, and the ends of ribbon passing through the buckle should stand out crisply with butterfly-bow effect. This idea is carried out in "sets," including wrist-band and collar to match.

In one novel bodice seen the material of the blouse is plain mauve gauze, mounted of course upon silk of precisely the same shade, and bouillonned in the way so beloved by French. Upon the snug-fitting sleeves these bouillonnes are set crosswise; upon the corsage they run diagonally. Except for the frills of white lace finishing the throats and wrists, there is no other trimming.

The very stock consists simply in a couple of bouillonnes running crosswise. With this bodice is worn a skirt of mauve foulard figured with white and encircled midway with six frills. The connecting waistband is of plain mauve silk.

The fancy bodice—the separate fancy bodice, that is to say—capable of topping off a variety of skirts is by no means relegated to the past. It is likely to be much worn this winter, the women who gave up wearing it some time ago having returned to it with all the zest inspired by new fashion, while the women who have been wearing it right along will not now dream of banishing it. In the case of one the material is green silk, the yoke, stock, epaulets and sleeves at the wrist being embroidered in violet. The lower part of the corsage consists of several broad overlying tucks, standing straight out from the figure. At one side the epaulet frill extends diagonally across the bodice front, a big bow of violet ribbon upon the shoulder emphasizing the effect.

In another fancy blouse the colors are blue (not too dark) and cherry. The blue is employed both for the corsage and the sleeves, the material being a rich taffeta silk. Both sleeves and bodice are barred diagonally with black lace insertion mounted upon cherry colored satin.

The bodice fastens at one side, a series of points filled in with a double frill of black over white lace making a pretty finish. Similar frills adorn the sleeves at the wrist and the stock in the rear. The bodice barely sags at all, either back or front, a series of fan plaits drawing it tightly to the figure.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

To Test the Heat of an Oven.—A French authority on cooking gives the following rules for testing heat of an oven:—"Try it with a piece of white paper; if not hot, the paper will blacken or blaze up; if it becomes a light brown, it is fit for pastry; if it burns dark yellow, it is fit for bread and the heavier kinds of cake; if light yellow, the oven is ready for sponge cake and the lighter kinds of deserts."

French Cutlets.—Take six cutlets off a neck of mutton, remove the fat, and trim them into a nice shape. Mix together in equal parts finely-chopped ham and breadcrumbs, with a quarter of the quantity of chopped parsley. Before frying the cutlets, dip them in egg, then roll them in the breadcrumbs, ham and parsley. Fry a light brown; arrange them on a dish, and put them into the oven to dry before serving. Just before serving, squeeze the juice of half a lemon over the cutlets.

Kidney Soup.—One beef kidney, two ounces flour, two ounces butter, one onion, one carrot, one turnip, pepper, salt, two or three cloves, celery seed, lemon juice. Skin the kidney, cut it in small pieces, dredge with two ounces of flour; cut the onion in slices, and fry it with the kidney in butter till brown, add one pint water, simmer for half an hour, removing all the fat that rises, add the carrot and turnip cut in dice, seasoning, celery seed, and five pints more of water; simmer slowly for two or three hours. Squeeze in a little juice before serving.

Tapioca Snow.—Take three tablespoonfuls of tapioca, and put in a stew-pan with a piece of butter the size of a hazel nut and one pint of milk; let it boil until transparent. Whip two yolks of eggs for ten minutes and put into it. Turn out into a dish, then whip the whites of the eggs to a strong froth with a pinch of salt, and when they are well frothed, add three ounces of not too finely pounded sugar. If liked, flavor the tapioca.

Lunch Cakes.—Half a pound of flour, three ounces of butter, four ounces of sugar, two eggs, half pound of currants, one gill of milk, quarter teaspoonful carbonate of soda, one tablespoonful vinegar. Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Drop the eggs in one by one, beating thoroughly. Then stir in half of the flour and half of the currants mixed. Mix the soda, milk and vinegar together, and quickly add it; then add the remainder of the flour and currants. Pour into a papered and buttered cake tin, and bake about an hour.

Baked Tomatoes.—Wash, wipe, and cut the tomatoes in halves, place them in a baking-tin with the skin downward; season with pepper and salt, bake in a hot oven till tender; then take up carefully, and serve on toast with a bit of butter on each tomato.

Corn-Meal Griddle Cakes.—One pint of corn meal, one heaping teaspoonful of butter, one saltspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar. Pour boiling water slowly upon the mixture, stirring till all is moistened, and leave it for thirty minutes.

Then break into the mixture three unbeaten eggs, which must be well beaten into the dough. Add five teaspoonfuls of cold milk, one spoonful at a time, till it is all smooth, and then bake on both sides a nice brown. Serve hot, one griddlecul at a time, as they are baked.

Fried Rabbit.—After the rabbit has been skinned, washed and well soaked, put it into boiling water and let it boil for seven minutes. Drain it, and when cold cut it into joints. Dip each piece into beaten egg and then into fine bread crumbs. Season well with pepper and salt. When all are ready fry them in butter over a moderate fire for about fifteen minutes. Simmer two or three strips of lemon peel in a gill of gravy. Boil the liver of the rabbit for five minutes, let it cool, and then mince it. Thicken the gravy with a lump of butter rolled in flour, add the liver, give the sauce a minute's boil, stir in two tablespoonfuls of cream, and, lastly, the juice of half a lemon. Dish up the rabbit and pour the gravy round it, but not over the meat.

Cheese Pates.—When making pie crust if there is any dough left over, it can be made into pate crusts, and then filled with a cheese omelette made as follows: Take three eggs, separate the whites and yolks, and beat both till very light. Add a little salt, one tablespoonful of milk and three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Now pour this omelette into the pate dough, and put into a quick oven. Brown nicely, and serve while very hot.

Potato Eggs.—Thoroughly mash some cold potatoes with a little warm milk, butter, salt, and the yolk of an egg well beaten; form the mixture into egg-shaped balls by pressing it into a dessert spoon; slip the potato out of the spoon upon buttered paper, put them into the oven to thoroughly warm, but not to become browned; serve with slices of bacon or ham.

Hashed Beef with Tomatoes.—One and one-half pounds tomatoes, four ounces butter, a little salt, one and one-half pound cold beef; scald the tomatoes, put in a stew-pan with the butter and a little salt; stew gently for a half hour, cut the beef in slices, warm it in a little stock, put it on a hot dish; arrange the tomatoes round it.

Easy Lessons in Dressmaking

The Sleeves, and How to Cut Them. Trimming, Planning, Making.

The Remodeling of Dresses

How to Make an Old Dress Like New. The Newest Fashions From Old Gowns.

Mrs. Rorer on Desserts and Cakes

The Best Cook in America Gives Her Ninth Lesson to JOURNAL Readers.

Halloween Romps and Frolics

Fresh Ideas for a Merry Evening and Some Old Games Revived.

The above are samples of what the October LADIES' HOME JOURNAL can do for you in the way of timely suggestion. The JOURNAL helps—that is the reason why it is popular.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

10 Cents per Copy $1.00 per Year

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

IN THE GARDEN.

BY M. E. S.

Love hath a garden on a southern shore,
Encircled by a grove of myrtles sweet,
Where crimson roses bloom and fireflies shine,
And days seem hours, so swiftly do they fleet,
Where golden sunflow'rs watch the king of day,
Who marches onward through the cloudless skies,
And blue forget-me-nots beside the stream
Are mirrored in the depths of lovers' eyes.

Death hath a garden by the western sea,
Where restless surges moan the livelong day;
A hedge of yew and cypress guards it round,
And shadows fold it in their mantle gray.
Pale dream-like poppies fill the garden-beds,
On immortelles the bending willows weep,
Dim violets hang down their pensive flow'rs
Above a grave where hopes and pleasures sleep!

Two Portraits.

BY M. W. B.

"I THINK I shall buy pearls," said Cora Lester, reflectively—"they will be so becoming to me with my blue silk dress; and I saw a lovely set in Regent Street."

And the young girl blushed a little as she thought, with a thrill of joy, how her beauty, enhanced by the lustrous pearls, would be praised by Gilbert Lawrence, her promised husband.

"It is so pleasant to be admired by the one we love," she thought; and the pearls grew in value in her eyes, as she fancied her lover's commendation.

So she wrapped herself up in her velvet and furs, for it was a cold day in December, and started off on her pleasant errand of purchasing them.

She had almost reached the shop, when she saw a crowd of people, and as she approached them she found the object of their attention was a young girl lying apparently lifeless upon the pavement.

To Cora Lester, carefully reared by her father, like some rare exotic, scenes of suffering were a new phase of life, and she stopped, excited and interested, though her sensitive ears were shocked more than once by the coarse expressions and remarks of the bystanders.

"Been drinking," said one, a big, burly fellow with a red face.

"She's shamming," exclaimed another. "I've seen 'em do it lots o' times—gives 'em such a chance to steal."

"Send her to the station-house," shouted a third.

"Stop," said a clear ringing voice, and a gentleman made his way through the crowd. He bent down critically over the girl's white face. "She is ill," he said, raising his head. "Who will help me to carry her to a druggist's?"

His words touched a chord in the hearts of that careless crowd, and more than one rushed forward to do his bidding: and the girl was carried almost reverently into the shop, which was fortunately not far distant.

How beautiful she was as she lay there with her eyes closed, and the long black lashes touching her white cheeks. A foreigner, you could see at a glance—probably an Italian.

The crowd dispersed, and Cora and Dr. Rivers—such was the name of the young physician whose coming had been so opportune—alone remained.

At last their united efforts were rewarded, and the young girl opened her eyes, and after some stimulant had been judiciously given her, she was able to tell them her story.

She was an Italian, as they had at first supposed. Her father was an artist, and she was studying to become one.

"But we are very poor," she said,—"so poor that for days we have been without food and fire."

Cora's eyes were full of tears.

"I did not know the world contained such suffering," she said. And, hastily taking the money from her purse, she thrust it into the astonished girl's hand, and then, not waiting for the blessings that trembled on her lips, Cora turned and left the shop.

* * * * * * *

"Where are your pearls, dearest?" inquired Gilbert Lawrence, looking almost disapprovingly at his fair betrothed. "Did I not hear you speak of a set you thought particularly beautiful?"

"Yes," replied Cora; "but I did not buy them."

And then, in her unaffected way, she told him about the Italian girl.

"A swindle, no doubt," said Gilbert, almost coarsely. "You had better have bought your pearls, instead of throwing away the money on an impostor."

"Oh, Gilbert," exclaimed Cora, "I am sure she was not that. Besides, she has proved she is not ungrateful, for she came herself to the door this morning and left a package for me, containing two pictures, beautifully painted—one a portrait of herself, the other of me. How she managed to make my likeness so accurate I am at a loss to guess, and also how she found out my name and residence."

"My darling," said the young man, assuming once more his fascinating manner, "there are few who, having seen the beautiful Miss Lester once, would not remember her!"

And then the conversation turned upon other themes, and Cora forgot the unpleasant impression his words regarding the Italian girl had made upon her.

* * * * * * *

Ten years passed away—ten years fraught with shame, suffering, and want to the once wealthy Cora Lester. She married Gilbert Lawrence early in the year that followed her meeting with the Italian girl, and they soon after took up their residence on the Continent, where, after a few short months of happiness, Cora awoke to the terrible truth that her husband, the idol of her heart, was unworthy of the name; he was profligate and a gambler.

All his time was passed at some fashionable gambling house, while his neglected and unhappy wife wept out her misery at home. Daily she saw him sinking lower and lower, till at last one day his dead body was brought home to her. He had fallen by his own hand, in a maddening fit of despair at his losses.

And Cora found herself alone in a strange land, without money and without friends. Long since, her most valuable jewels had been sold, and the few that remained brought scarcely enough to take her home. Yet there her longing eyes were fixed, though her father's death, eight years before, had left her homeless even there.

Still she felt she must leave the tainted atmosphere where she now lived, and she hoped to find friends among those who had known her in her prosperous days. So, with a brave heart, she started on her journey, and in due time once more stood upon her native shore.

The little money which she still possessed procured her shelter for a day or two, but left her nothing to buy food with, and starvation, with all its grim horrors, stared her in the face. Mechanically she turned to her almost empty trunk, and looked eagerly over the few remaining articles.

They were worthless and unsaleable, save the Italian girl's present of the two portraits, which she had kept as a pleasant souvenir of the past. The tears filled Cora's eyes as she looked at them.

"They are of little value doubtless," she thought; "but I must sell them or starve." So she took her stand on the crowded thoroughfare, prayerfully hoping to find a purchaser. Presently two gentlemen came down the street. They stopped, and looked critically at the Italian girl's likeness.

"It is the very image of her, by Jove!" said the younger.

"True," said the other. "And, if I am not mistaken, strange as it may seem, painted by herself. Yes. See, here is her name in the corner."

And he questioned Cora eagerly concerning the pictures. She told him the story simply and truthfully.

"I remember the circumstance well," he said, "for I myself am the doctor who prescribed for her, and who witnessed her noble action. The years that you have passed abroad have made the Italian girl famous, and these pictures painted by her, are worth a small fortune. Luckily I am rich enough to afford the luxury of buying them."

And he promised Cora for them a sum which astonished her.

* * * * * * *

"How strangely it all has happened," thought Cora, when renting some comfortable rooms. "Who would have believed that the poor Italian girl's gift of gratitude would be the means of placing me beyond want?"

But Cora's history does not end here, for Dr. Rivers, who had never married—perhaps because he had never found any face so lovely to him as Cora Lester's—became her constant visitor, and she soon learned to love him with the full and perfect love of her womanhood.

She is his wife now, happy, honored, and loved. The two portraits hang conspicuously in her drawing room, where they are greatly admired. And the thankful tears often rise to Cora's eyes when she looks at them, and remembers how she was saved from starving.

WHAT JACK SAID.—If there is one thing more than another, calculated to throw a man into a gnashing-of-the-teeth and tearing-of-the-hair condition, it is his attempt to give the wife of his bosom an account of some ordinary affair to which she listens after this fashion.

He: "Oh, my dear, I must tell you something Jack Burroughs told me today while——" She: "Where did you see Jack Burroughs?" He: "Oh, we went to lunch together, and——" She: "How did you happen to go out to luncheon together?"

He: "Well, we didn't exactly go out together; I met Jack on the restaurant steps, and——" She: "What restaurant?" He: "Calloway's; and Jack——" She: "How did you happen to go to Calloway's? I thought you always lunched at Draper's."

He: "I nearly always do; but I just happened to drop into Calloway's today, along with Jack, and——" She: "Does he always lunch at Calloway's?" He: "I'm sure, my dear"—a little sharply—"that I don't know if he does or not. It makes no earthly difference if——"

She: "Oh, of course not!"—hastily. "I just wondered if he did—that's all. Go on with your story." He: "Well, while we were eating our soup, Jack——" She: "What kind of soup?"

He: "Turtle, Jack said that——" She: "I thought you disliked turtle soup." He: "Well, I don't care much about it; but——"

She: "How did you happen to order it if you didn't care for it?" He: "Because I did!" severely. "But the soup has nothing to do with the story." She: "Oh, of course not!"—in a grieved tone. "I never said that it did! I don't see why you should get so cross at a simple question. Go on!"

He: "Well, while we were eating our soup, Lawrence Hildreth and his young wife came in, and——" She: "They did?" He: "I have just said so." She: "Well, you needn't be so cross about it." He: "They came in, and——"

She: "Is she pretty?" He: "Pretty enough. Jack bowed, and——" She: "Does he know them?" He: "Well, now, do you suppose he would have bowed if he hadn't known them? I declare if I——" She: "How was she dressed?"

He: "How should I know? I never looked at her dress. What I was going to tell you was that——" She: "Did they sit near you?" He: "Yes—at the next table. And, while they were ordering, Jack said that they——"

She: "Couldn't they hear him?" He: "Do you suppose"—fiercely—"that Jack would have no more sense than to let them hear him talking about them? I'll swear if——"

She: "James, if you can't tell a simple little incident without getting into a passion, you'd better keep it to yourself. What did Jack say?"

He: "He said that Mrs. Hildreth's father was opposed to the match, and——" She: "How did he know that?" He: "Great Cæsar! There you go again!" She: "James, will you please remember that it is your wife to whom you are speaking, sir?"

He: "No other woman would drive me raving, distracted, crazy, asking silly questions about——" She: "James!" He: "Every time I try to tell you anything you begin and you——"

She: "James" rising with dignity and speaking stiffly—"I do not propose listening to any such insulting remarks, and——" He: You never listen to anything. That's the trouble. If——" She: "When I ask a simple question, you——"

He: "I'd say 'simple'! You've asked me a million 'simple' questions in the last half hour, just because I was going to tell you that Jack Burroughs said that——"

She: "I do not wish to hear what Jack Burroughs said, if you cannot tell it respectfully. I shall have my dinner sent to my room, since it is so painful for you to eat with an idiot!"—retiring, scornfully, while he narrowly escapes an attack of apoplexy.

THE benevolent emotions are the glory of man and his best guides through life. A selfish calculating man is deceived and disappointed a thousand times for one error into which an honest, whole souled, and impulsive man unfeelingly.

At Home and Abroad.

Gold in transit across the Atlantic "sweats," however tightly it may be packed. It is sent in stout kegs, and squeezed in as tightly as possible; but there is a regular allowance for loss by attrition upon the voyage, and in the course of years this loss to the commercial world amounts to a large sum.

A marriage, or rather a dowry, insurance for women has recently been introduced by a Swedish insurance company. By this a father is enabled to secure for his daughter, at a reasonable premium, a dowry on her marriage at any time between twenty and forty years, or a sum of money, in case she remains unmarried till she completes her fortieth year. Supposing a father wishes to secure for his daughter a dowry of $30,000, he pays an annual premium from her birth of $600, etc.

An interesting sight along the Rio Grande is to see a regiment of Mexican soldiers taking a compulsory bath. It is only under compulsion that the rank and file of the army ever do bathe, and when the ceremony is in progress, one-half of the regiment enters the water while the other half stands guard on bank, rifles in hand, to shoot down any man who attempts to desert. When their ablutions have been finished, the men resume their places in line and guard their comrades while they bathe.

The statistical folks are never satisfied unless they give us something startling in the way of figures. One of them has announced that the annual aggregate circulation of the papers of the world is calculated to be 12,000,000,000 copies. To aid the mind to grasp an idea of the magnitude of these figures he states that they would cover a surface space of 10,450 square miles; they are printed on 781,250 tons of paper, and further, that if the number 12,000,000,000 represented seconds instead of copies it would take over 333 years for them to elapse. Piled vertically the highest of the Alps would be left far below, for when the piling process was completed the pile would reach the tremendous altitude of 400, or in round numbers, 500 miles.

Once more photography has played an important part in the detection of fraud. It would appear that in France gold articles are marked by being stamped with tiny marks representing horses' heads, insects, etc., according to the parts of France where the articles are made. The genuineness of some gold rings which were manufactured at Havre, and which were stamped with a mark representing some kind of insect, was doubted, and, in order to detect the fraud and convince a French jury, a gentleman well known in French photographic circle, undertook to make photomicrographic reproductions of the doubtful marks, and also of genuine marks. This done, it required but a comparatively small magnification to remove entirely all doubt as to the difference that existed.

There are certain rules of etiquette observed in the principal London theatres when members of the royal family attend. When the box has been secured through one of the ticket offices, the manager of the office attends himself to escort the royal visitors from their carriage to the box, in place of the usual theatre attendant, and the business manager of the theatre receives them at the door as the representative of the management. In theatres of modern construction there is a handsomely furnished retiring room attached to the royal box, in which it is usual to place cigarettes and coffee. When a princess forms one of the party, a bouquet is usually placed in the retiring-room, which she takes with her into the box. The programmes placed in the royal box are printed on white satin.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Humorous.

NOT ALONE.

If fortune doesn't smile on you,
And trouble seems to pile on you
For all it's worth;
Don't think that you're the only wight
For whom events don't come just right
Upon this earth—
There are others!

If luck has naught to bring to you,
And fate does not a thing to you,
And you are blue;
Just ponder o'er some other case,
Some other runner in life's race
Worse off than you—
There are others!

—U. N. Nonk.

The golden mean—Rich skinflints

Swimming-match—A match in water.

Good audience for an auctioneer—Buy-standers.

Still watches of the night—Those that have run down.

Painful parting—With your tooth at the dentist's.

When a man is a host in himself—When he's an hotel-keeper.

Why men admire pretty feet—Because all's well that ends well.

When is a clock on the staircase dangerous?—When it runs down and strikes one.

This is a French satirist's exhaustive classification of physicians:—"Those who kill you and those who let you die."

Mrs. S.: "You don't seem to like rice very much, Mr. P."

Mr. P.: "No; it is associated with one of the most distressing mistakes I ever was guilty of."

White: "I wonder that Gray should think of marrying that woman. She is not on speaking terms with her own mother."

Black: "Perhaps that is why Gray marries her!"

"Johnny, I see you have taken more cake than I said you might have."

"Yes, mother. I made believe that there was another little boy spending the day with me."

An unsuccessful vocalist went to the poorhouse, and delighted the inmates with his singing. He said it was a natural thing for him to do, as he'd been singing to poor houses ever since he began his career.

"What a world of change this is!" sighed Mr. Billus, looking over an old newspaper.

"And how little I get hold of it" sighed Mrs. Billus, looking over her old gown.

"Oh, no, there ain't any favorites in this family!" soliloquized Tommy. "Oh, no! If I bite my finger-nails, I catch it over the knuckles. But the baby can eat his whole foot, and they think it's very clever!"

The minister: "My dear madam, let this thought console you for your husband's death. Remember that other and better men than he have gone the same way."

Bereaved widow: "They haven't all gone, have they?"

"Now, really," said the thoughtful man, "did you ever see a woman who was homely enough to stop a clock by looking at it?"

"No," said the nonsensical chap, "but I have seen a woman stop a car by looking at the conductor."

Clarissa: "Has Jack Flasher proposed to you yet?"

Ethel, flaring up: "I'd like to see him proposing to me!"

Clarissa: "Well, Ethel, I must say that, if there is a truthful girl, you are one!"

Friend: "How does it happen that you have so many Japanese things in your room?"

Young wife: "Just before I was married, the contents of a Japanese emporium were sold at auction. All these things are wedding presents."

Browne, in barber's chair: "Now look here, barber, be careful. The last man who shaved me nearly killed me, and I won't be as easy on you as I was on him."

Barber, anxiously: "No one in this shop who shaved you, was it, sir?"

Browne: "No. I did it myself."

Bloobumper: "I read to-day an account of how a female forger donned man's attire, and for a long time eluded arrest, but at last she gave herself away."

Spatts: "She stopped to look in a milliner's window, I suppose?"

Bloobumper: "No; in a moment of absent-mindedness she asked a woman if her hat was on straight."

They were about going out, and she sat down while her husband got into his overcoat.

"I don't believe you love me any more," she said with a sigh. "I'm convinced of it," and her voice trembled a little.

"Not love you, my dear? Why, how absurd! Must I tell you every moment that I love you—love you with all my soul?"

"Oh, that will do to say, but I know you care for me no longer. How can you love me in this old hat?"

CYCLING AND MATRIMONY.

Few movements are made in woman's world that do not in some way affect the marriage market. When ladies first joined in the once ubiquitous "spelling-bees," many a wedding was definitely proved to have been brought about by a meeting at some such perplexing contest.

Croquet parties, and, more recently, lawn-tennis clubs have been responsible for many scores of marriages. The popularity of these pastimes with the fair sex, however, dwindles to almost nothingness when compared with the present universal adoption of wheeling as a feminine sport. And it is this very fact that has prompted inquiries, the results of which are here given.

The first person to whom the query was put was a manager of a large cycle agency. Said he, "Although we have on our books some thousands of customers, we naturally know little of their private lives. But not a few instances have occurred to induce me to the opinion that your question should be answered decidedly in the affirmative.

"In quite a number of cases gentlemen—patrons of ours—have called again and purchased machines for young ladies who accompanied them. Then after a while has come a third visit for a suit, a washer, or other item for (with pride) 'the cycle you sold my wife.'"

Inquiry at a well-known school elicited more definite information. In fact, quite a batch of little romances was unearthed.

"I actually know of four weddings that have taken place amongst our own pupils," said the proprietor. "In each of these the parties met here for the first time. In their early struggles to 'go alone' one couple collided. 'I beg your pardons' and 'I'm so sorrys' were exchanged, and huge concern expressed over a tiny bruise.

"Next day 'Good-mornings' were reciprocated; and so the thing went on until the two, respectively, contemplated venturing out upon the actual road. 'Let us go together!' the gentleman suggested. The lady agreed. And not long after she gave a like consent to a much more important proposal.

"In the second case the gentleman came here with his sister, who desired to learn to ride. He saw her fairly started, when a very pretty pupil arrived. The new-comer's face fell sadly when she was informed that all the instructors would be engaged for at least two hours. 'And I can't come later on,' said she, dolefully. 'Will you allow me to hold you up?' asks the young gentleman boldly.

"Well, he did. And I heard his sister, as she passed, reproachfully remark, 'All right, George, you wouldn't take that trouble with me.' The pretty young lady never came again.

"One of our young men saw 'George' completing her cycling education for her in a certain quiet square. And a fortnight ago I saw in the papers that they were married."

The captain of an important cycling club was the next authority approached. He laughed when the query was propounded.

"We have a lady's section ourselves," said he. "But if things go on in the same fashion as they have done this season past, we shall have to re-christen the club the 'Married Couples' C.C.' Joking apart, our gentlemen and lady members seem nearly as diligent in getting engaged as they are at running up their wheeling mileage.

"You see, cycling puts you in such a happy frame of mind, brings such animation and high spirits, that you all appear at your best. And chatting away to a charming fellow—or sister, is it?—clubwoman, well, it isn't very difficult to believe that the idea may strike you, How delightful to go through the rest of life like this!

"Anyway, whatever the cause, the fact remains that men cyclists are undoubtedly showing a preference for wheeling brides, and that whereas formerly the ball-room beauty was supposed to stand the best chance of finding a husband, the advantage now belongs to the girl who looks graceful on her cycle."

This question of the lady cyclists' attractiveness on purely æsthetic grounds being an interesting one, the subject was broached to the proprietress of an establishment wherein are created some of the most dainty wheeling costumes that are worn nowadays.

"Cycling distinctly adds to a woman's opportunities of exhibiting her beauty of face and figure," said this lady. "For that reason alone I answer Most certainly to your query. No woman can cycle with pinched-up feet, with squeezed-in waist, or an angular form padded and puffed out artificially.

"Likewise, no woman in possession of her right senses would expect a made-up complexion to stand the wear and tear of a ten-miles spin. Which facts go to prove that the woman who is an active cyclist is really what you see her.

"Reformers have suggested that a law should be made requiring men and women about to marry to exchange certificates of health, to be granted by medical officers, appointed as they are to insurance companies. That is a faddist's dream.

"But this very day the cycle gives that certificate. No truer gauge of physical soundness can be produced than proof of ability to cycle through the season, as many engaged couples now do, together.

"Mind you, men may not be aware that this fact influences them: their appreciation of their cycling adored one may be indulged in almost unconsciously.

"But, returning from a run, perhaps with hat askew and hair blown about by the wind, the bloom of health is on the woman's cheek, and her buoyant spirits light up her eyes. Hills have been tackled together, mud ploughed through, tumbles come now and again, varied by vexatious struggles with refractory tires.

"Through it all the woman has come, perhaps a trifle tired, but still smiling. Do you think men fail to value these little but potent evidences of worth? Not they; though as often as not they are ignorant why they feel this admiration. 'She is a darling girl,' they say, as they, perhaps, light a pipe, and wheel homewards alone. And that more than settles your debate."

Finally, here is the remark with which a well-known cycling celebrity answered our query.

"The term, 'Fellowship of the Wheel,' has passed into a proverb. No other mutual occupation produces so many firm friendships between man and man Make the other rider a woman, and for 'friendship' you will have to write 'love.'"

MODES OF ADDRESS.

"Your High Excellency" has been the official form of address employed at St. Petersburg by the court and government of the Czar in its recent intercourse with President Faure. The matter is worthy of note, since it serves for the first time to determine the predicate conceded to Presidents of republics.

Hitherto there has always been a doubt upon the subject, and it was felt that the style of "Your Excellency" was inadequate to meet the requirements of the case, since not only Cabinet Ministers on the Continent, Ambassadors, Ministers Plenipotentiary, but likewise privy counsellors, Lieutenant Generals and Generals, and the wearers of certain orders and decorations, are entitled to precisely the same form of address.

"Your High Excellency," is something, however, that is entirely new, has never been used before, and is designed for the special purpose of meeting the requirements of a President of a republic.

Consequently the State Department at Washington may inscribe this predicate on their official handbook.

For, from the point of view of etiquette, President McKinley occupies with regard to the governments of Europe identically the same position as President Faure.

The Doges, or Presidents of the Republics of Venice and of Genoa, used to be addressed as "Messire" or "Mr." Doge, and were accorded the predicate of "Your Magnificence," or "Your Serene Highness," both of which are obviously inappropriate for the Presidents of nineteenth century republics.

Until two centuries ago the Popes were not "Your Holiness," but "Your Beatitude," a form of courtesy which is still used in intercourse with the patriarchs of the Oriental Christian churches.

Bishops and Archbishops have only been spoken of as "Monseigneur" since the last century, a form of speech, however, which has never been employed by the chief of the state, the Kings and Emperors of France, as well as the Presidents of the French republic, in variably addressing the members of the episcopacy as "Monsieur the Archbishop," or "Mr. Bishop."

The Papal Nuncios, by the by, although invariably full-fledged Archbishops are not styled "Monseigneur," but "Your Excellency," ranking as Ambassadors.

In addressing a King or Emperor in English you use the word "sir," or in French "sire,' and "sir" is likewise used in English for all royal Princes, though not for Princes who do not belong strictly speaking to the blood, such as, to instance, Prince Alexander of Teck and his brother, who are merely styled "Prince."

Perhaps the prettiest form of address is that used by the Muscovites in speaking with their Emperor. They style him not as "sir" nor "sire" nor as "your majesty," but as "Batouschka," which may be interpreted as "little father."

The Queen of England and all her daughters are addressed as "ma'am," no matter if the Princesses be but three years old and the person who addresses them be a white-haired dowager.

The Queen Regent of Spain is "senora" lady, while the King is "Don Alphonse." The Greeks address their Queen as "madame."

The German Emperor and Kings, as well as the ruler of Austria, are addressed as "majesty," while the King and Queen of Italy are invariably addressed by the same royal title. The Sultan of Turkey is addressed as "effendim," while if the French language is used one does not employ the words "your majesty," but "your highness."

WHEN COMPARED.—A man cannot do two things at a time. A woman will broil a steak and see that the coffee does not boil over, and watch the cat that she does not steal the remnant of meat on the kitchen table, and dress the youngest boy, and set the table, and see to the toast, and stir the oatmeal, and give the orders to the butcher, and she can do it all at once and not half try.

Man has done wonders since he came before the public. He has navigated the ocean, he has penetrated the mysteries of the starry heavens, he has harnessed the lightning and made it pull trains and light the great cities of the world.

But he can't find a reel of red cotton in his wife's work basket; he can't discover her pocket in a dress hanging in the wardrobe; he can't hang out clothes and get them on the line right side up. He can't hold clothes-pins in his mouth while he is doing it either.

Then, again, he cannot be polite to somebody he hates; he cannot put the tidy on the sofa pillow right side out; in short, he cannot do a hundred things that women do almost instinctively.

AN extraordinary case of wife selling has occurred at Irthlingborough, a shoe manufacturing village of Northamptonshire, England. A party of shoemakers having spent all their money at a public house, and having nothing handy to dispose of to get more, one of them offered to sell his wife for fifty cents. A customer in the bar accepted the offer, and to make the bargain complete one of the men was induced to go through the streets, publicly announcing on behalf of the husband that he had "sold and bequeathed" his wife to the purchaser, and giving the names of two companions as witnesses to the transaction.

No one can have a true idea of right until he does it, any genuine respect for it till he has done it often and with cost, or any peace ineffable in it till he does it always with alacrity.

$10 a Week for a Family of Eight

Some people will laugh at the idea of it—a dollar and a quarter to pay for the week's board of a person—but Mrs. Rorer tells how it can be done in the October LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. It is not empty theory—she has done this herself, and tells everybody how in a very matter-of-fact way. Mrs. Rorer's articles are full of common sense and information. She writes for nothing but

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

10 Cents a Copy $1.00 a Year

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia